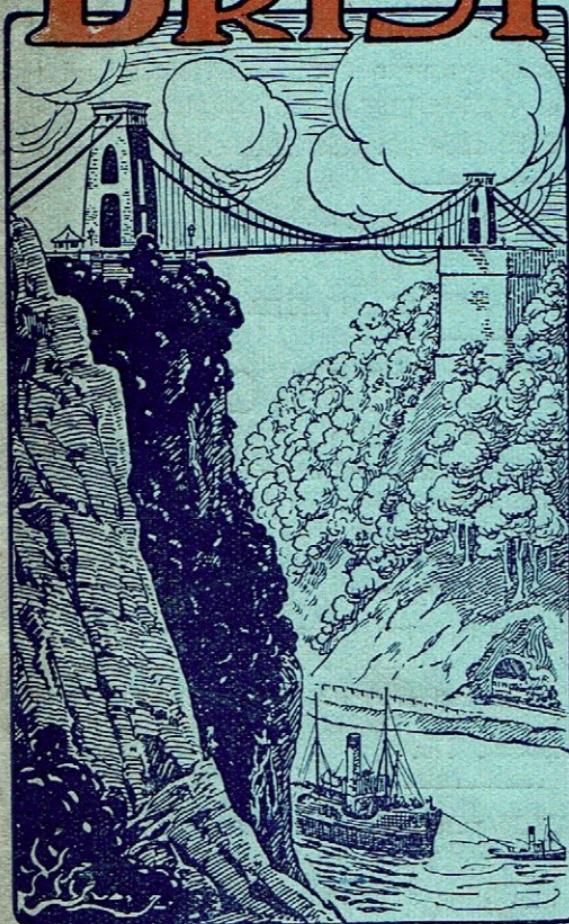


LOCAL EDITION. Price Twopence.

# BRISTOL



J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd., Printers, Bristol, Eng.

The  
WESTERN  
GATEWAY  
of the  
OLD  
COUNTRY



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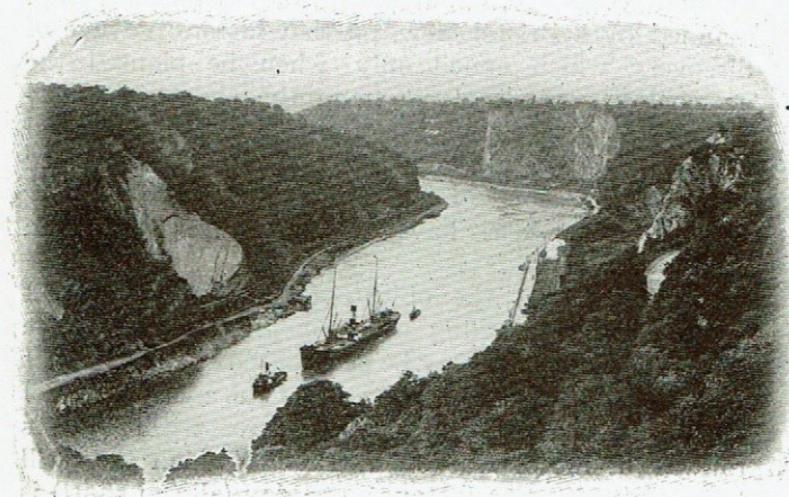
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# BRISTOL

THE WESTERN GATEWAY  
OF THE OLD COUNTRY.

A booklet from the  
LORD MAYOR and CITIZENS OF BRISTOL  
to their Kinsfolk across the Sea.



*The Avon Gorge.*

J. W. ARROWSMITH LTD., PRINTERS, BRISTOL, ENG.  
1911.



## Foreword.

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IT is hoped that this little booklet will be accepted by our kith and kin across the sea in that friendly spirit which prompts the sending. It comes from the Lord Mayor and citizens of the City of Bristol, England, from which port, upwards of four hundred years ago, Cabot sailed in a Bristol-built ship, manned by a Bristol crew, on that historic voyage of discovery which ended only when he planted the national flag of England upon the shores of Newfoundland. The connection thus established between the New World and the Mother Country has developed into a lasting bond of union which has been growing stronger as the years have passed, and has never been closer than to-day.

Frankly, then, the object of this booklet is that our friends, in making up their programmes before leaving their homes, may be acquainted in a very slight degree with a few of the beauties of the ancient City of Bristol, and with certain places of interest within a day's railway or motor ride of the Port at which they will have arrived. For instance, one day (all too short) is allowed for Bristol itself, and one day each to the following places of note: (1) Cheddar, Wells and Glastonbury, which it is said was visited by Joseph of Arimathæa and his companions, and Stanton Drew (Druidical

remains); (2) Chepstow Castle, Tintern Abbey, Caerwent (old Roman remains), and Raglan Castle; (3) Berkeley Castle, Gloucester (with Cathedral), Cirencester, the Capital of the Cotswolds, and the ancient City of Bath (with its Roman Baths); (4) Warwick (Castle) and Stratford-on-Avon, the home of Shakespeare, and the mecca of all lovers of the Bard. Thus five days only are given to cover a district in which a fortnight might well be spent. Brief descriptions accompany the illustrations, which it is hoped will indicate some of the beauties of the many ruins, ecclesiastical buildings, castles and mansions, which are to be found scattered over charming and romantic scenery. The booklet describes in a very sketchy manner a few of the many places of interest near Bristol, and visitors may easily obtain complete guides to every place of note not only in this district but throughout Great Britain.

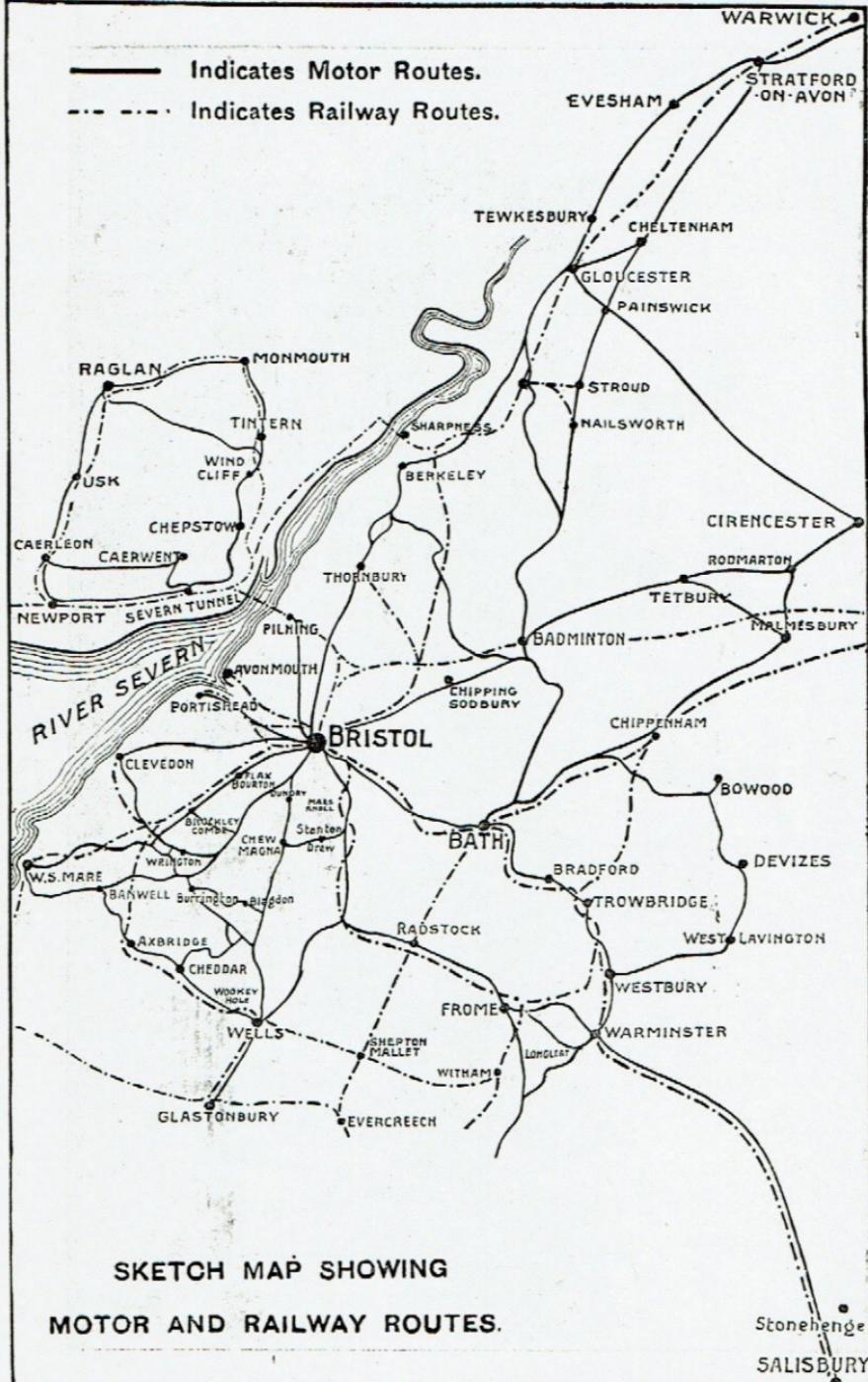
Ample hotel accommodation will be found in Bristol and Clifton (the famous Downs of which well merit the description "Fairy Land"), and our friends may feel sure that a hearty welcome and a John Bull grasp of the hand will be given them on arrival on our shores.

There is a direct service of magnificent steamships from Canada to this historic City of Bristol, a service which, considering the geographical position of the port, its unique dock accommodation and its facilities for expeditious distribution to 10,000,000 people within a radius of one hundred miles, must in the immediate future be increased to a daily—or at least a weekly—instead of a fortnightly service. It will be understood, of course, that in the trips herein referred to Bristol is taken as the centre from which they are made, and is also the starting-point for Devon, which has properly been termed "The Garden of England," and for Cornwall, the "English Riviera."

Arrangements are being made for the privileges of the various Clubs in Bristol and Clifton, as well as those of the Chamber of Commerce and the Commercial Rooms to be extended to our visitors, who on their arrival here may obtain any information at the offices of the Bristol Chamber of Commerce and Shipping, Guildhall, Small Street, and from the appended list may learn at a glance where anything necessary to their convenience may be secured:—

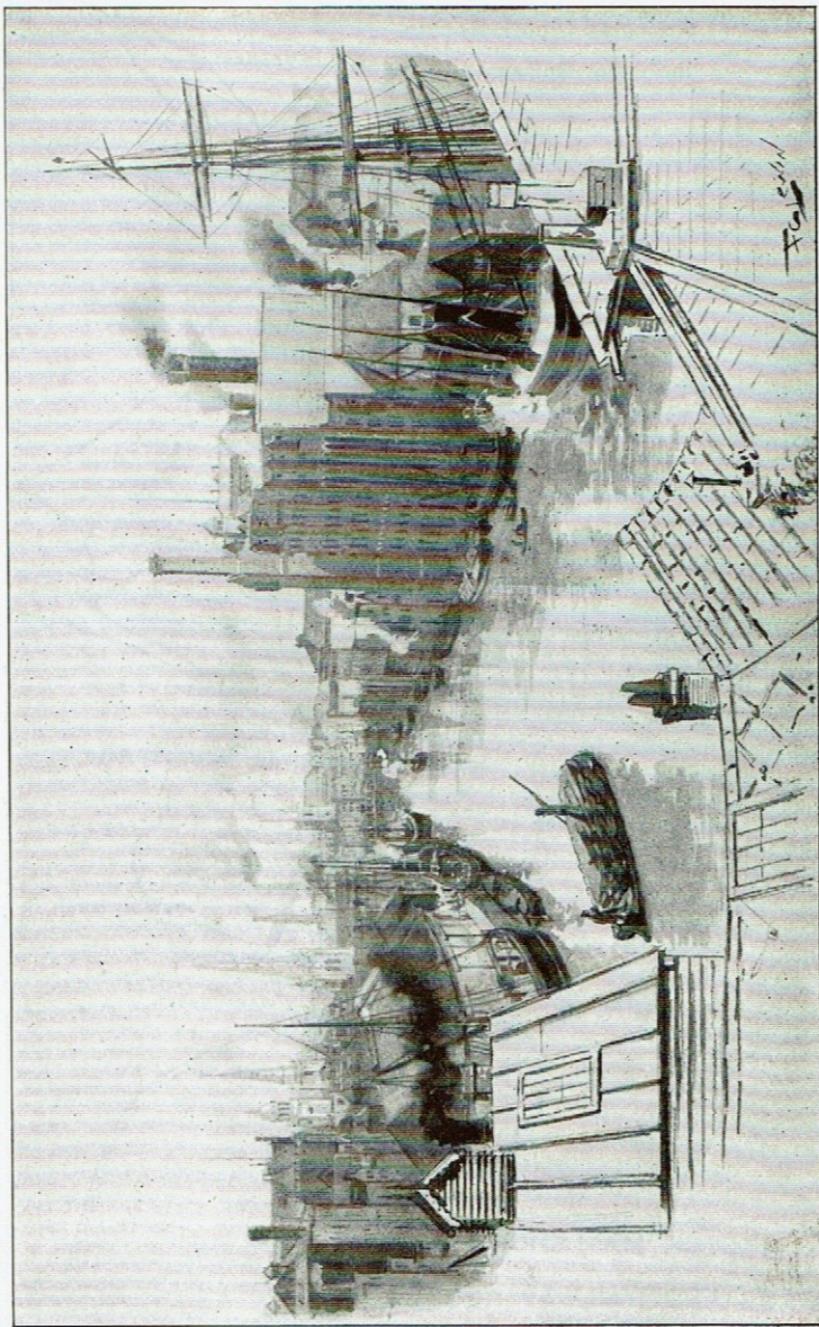
TRADE.	NAME AND ADDRESS.	PAGE.
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Art Metal Workers ..	Gardiner, Sons & Co. Ltd., Nelson Street .. .. .. .. ..	50
Canadian Northern Steamships Ltd. .. .. ..	Baldwin Street .. .. .. .. ..	51
Cocoa .. .. ..	J. S. Fry & Sons Ltd., Union Street	4th of cover.
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Ironmasters, &c.	John Lysaght Ltd., St. Philips ..	63
Jewellers .. ..	Bristol Goldsmiths' Alliance, College Green .. .. .. .. ..	64
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Tobacco .. ..	W. D. & H. O. Wills, Redcliffe Street	3rd of cover.
Wine Merchants	John Harvey & Sons Ltd., Denmark Street .. .. .. .. ..	59

— Indicates Motor Routes.  
- - - - - Indicates Railway Routes.



SKETCH MAP SHOWING  
MOTOR AND RAILWAY ROUTES.

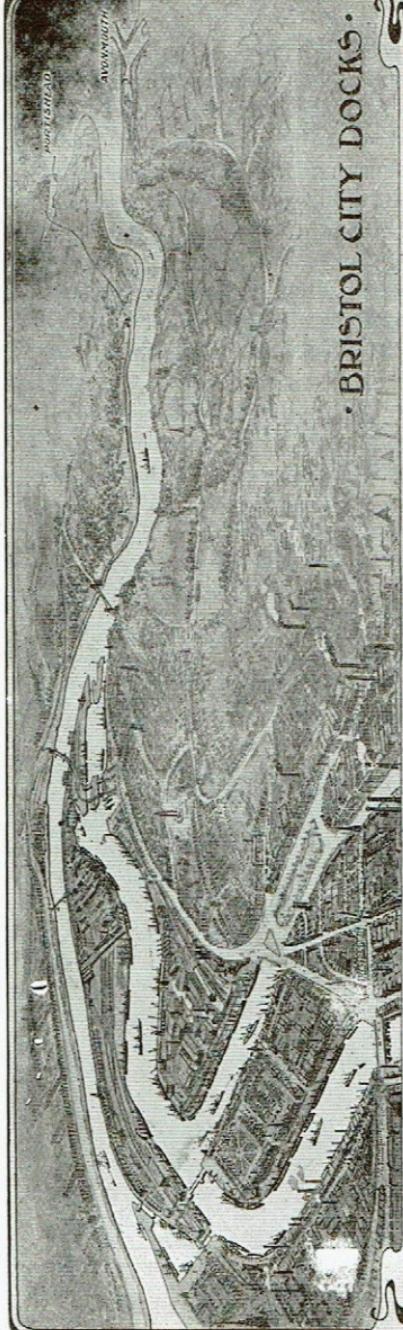
*In the heart of the City—A busy scene.*



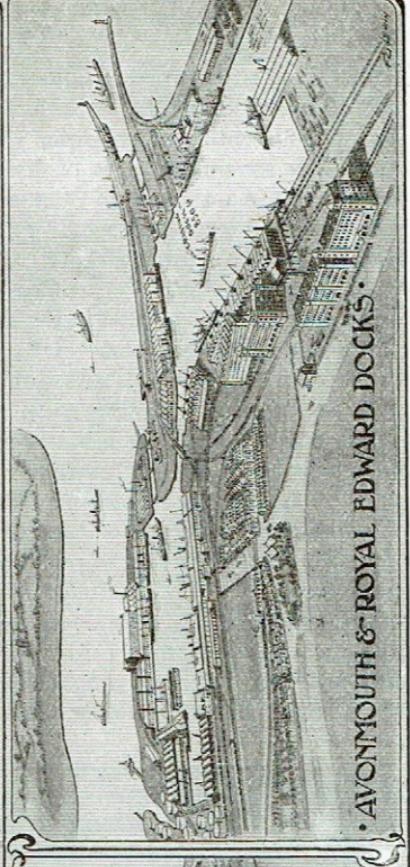
BRISTOL is a city of great antiquity, and all her history is tinged with a spirit of romance and daring, which took her merchant vessels as early as the fifteenth century from Ireland to the Levant, and later drew forth her sons on voyages of discovery and adventure across the western ocean. An annalist of Stephen's reign quaintly describes the place as "a city seeming to swim in the waters"—a picturesque description which the shipping coming right into the heart of the city inevitably recalls to-day. The enterprise of Bristolians in these early times is wonderfully illustrated in the great engineering work, by which they altered the ancient course of the River Froom, with which the city was partially encircled, and brought it down through Canon's Marsh to its junction with the Avon at Prince Street Bridge. And now to-day Bristolians have again accomplished a fine piece of work in the development of their port, and the construction of the Royal Edward Dock, and are stretching forth to their kinsfolk across the sea to come and make use of the opportunities provided; to come into their old city which has so much of beauty and interest to offer; to spend a day or two in Bristol visiting the Cathedral and Lord Mayor's Chapel, Redcliff (the fount of Chatterton's inspiration), the Avon Gorge and Suspension Bridge, Clifton College, and the beautiful Downs; and then to travel into the surrounding neighbourhood, into the beautiful and historic country of which Bristol is the threshold.



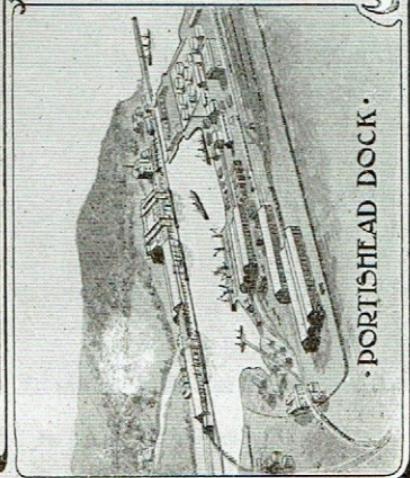
*Discharging Bananas at Royal Edward Dock.*



• BRISTOL CITY DOCKS •



• AVONMOUTH & ROYAL EDWARD DOCKS •

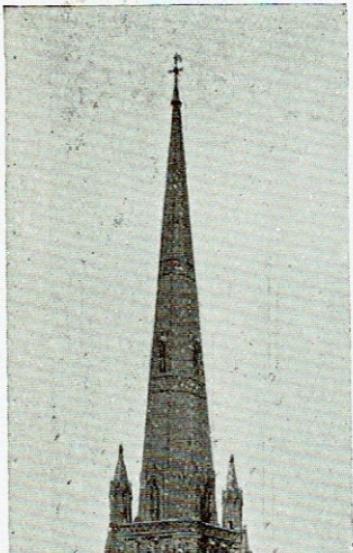


• PORTISHEAD DOCK •

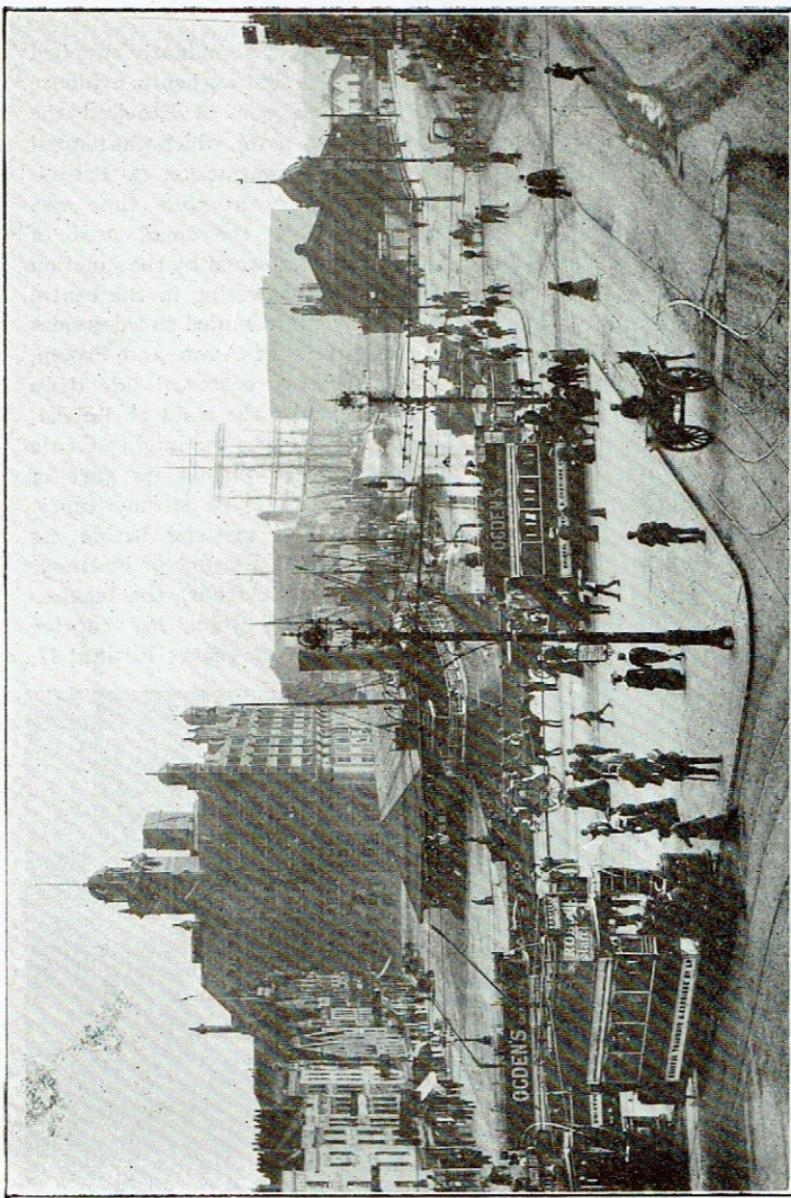
*Bird's-eye View of Bristol Dock Estate.*

THE origin of Bristol is lost in a cloud of legend, abundantly supplied by fertile imaginations in the place of fact. The first authentic evidence

is found in a coin of Ethelred the Unready (979-1016), which was minted at "Bric," a contraction of Bristol. The community at that time was confined within the small area of rising ground crowned by the junction of cross roads meeting in the centre of the city. Surrounded on three sides by the waters of Avon and Froom, on the fourth or eastward side there sprang up under the hand of Robert, Earl of Gloucester, the mighty Castle of Bristol. It played its part in the troubles of those stormy times. Stephen was a prisoner within its gloomy portals; Eleanor of Brittany, sister of Prince Arthur, the luckless victim of King John, lay captive there for eighteen years; Edward II,



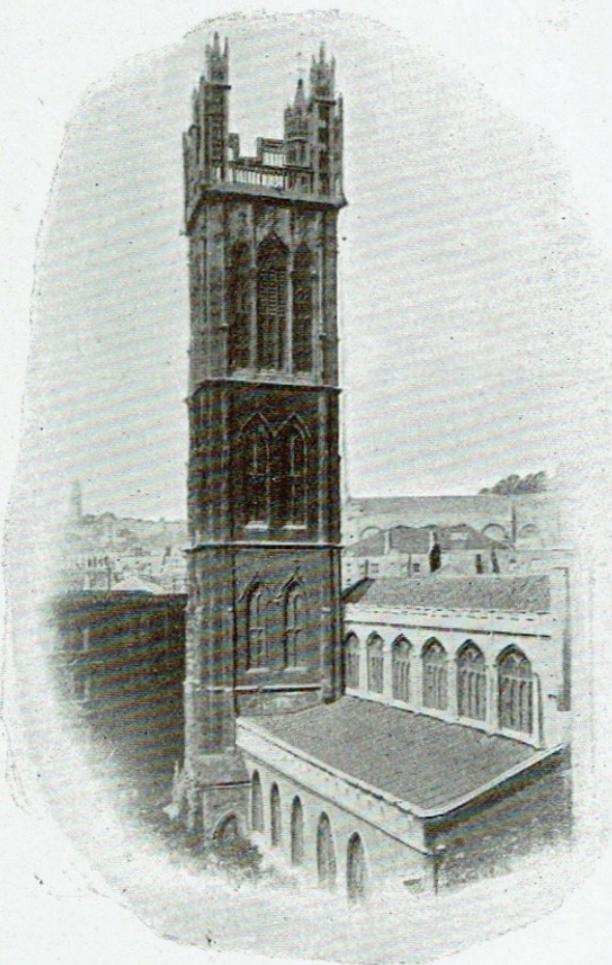
St. Mary Redcliffe Church.



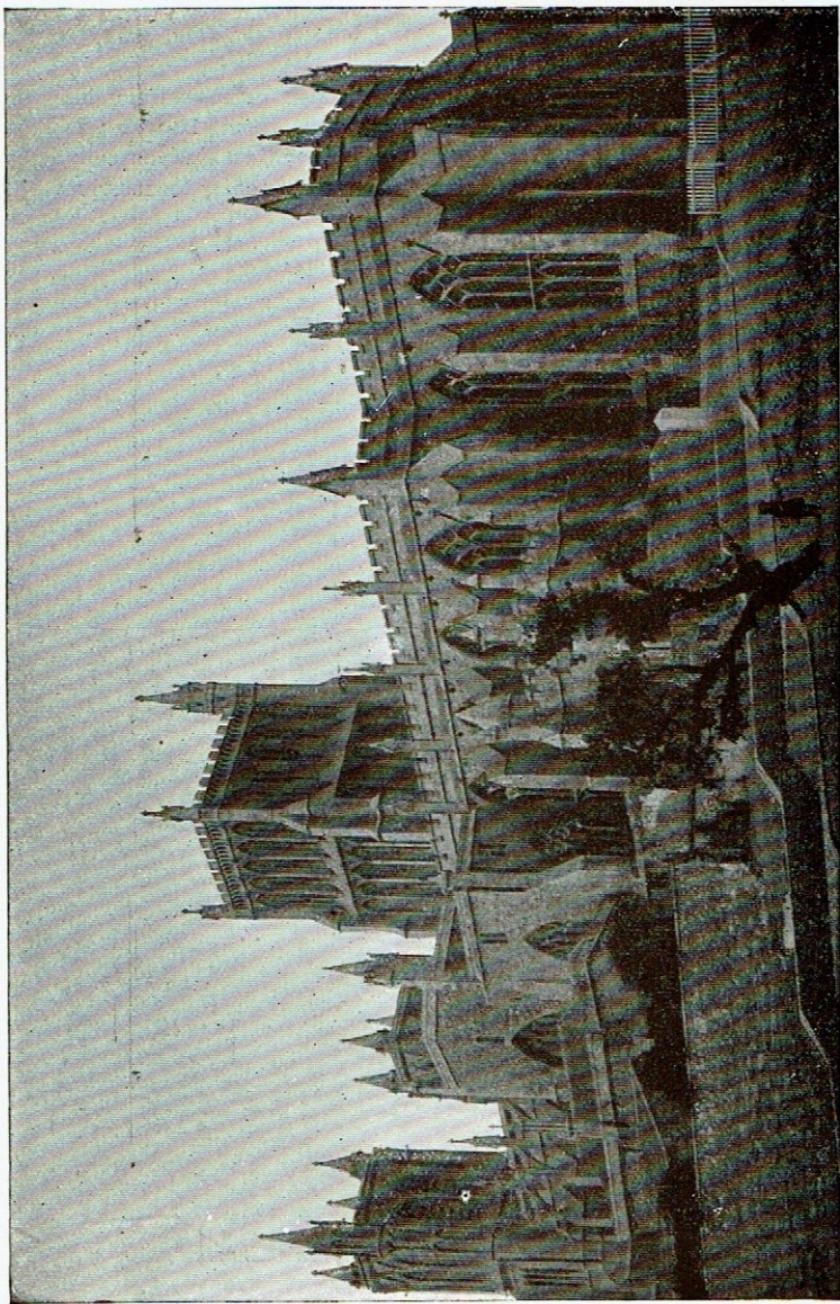
*Bristol Tramways Centre and Harbour, showing Granary.*

so soon to perish miserably at Berkeley, sought refuge from his enemies within its walls. Under its shadow lived Henry II, who was educated by a Bristol schoolmaster in Baldwin Street. Eventually it fell under the ruthless hand of Cromwell, by whose order the massive keep was rased to the ground.

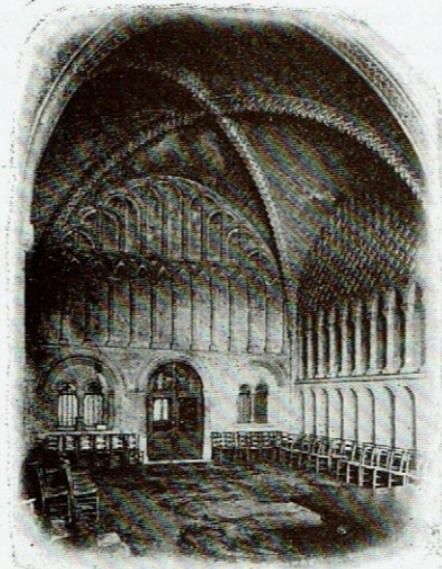
Under the Plantagenet and Tudor Kings, Bristol increased enormously in wealth and importance. To assist Edward III at the siege of Calais, the townspeople furnished a contingent of ships and men scarcely inferior to that provided by London, and received their reward in 1373 by the grant of a charter at the hands of the king, creating the city a county in itself, a privilege hitherto reserved for London alone. The prosperity of the burghers was such that Henry VII, as a result of what he saw here, levied a tax of 20s. upon all worth more than £20, because their wives went too sumptuously apparelled.



*St. Stephen's Church.*



*The Cathedral, South View.*



*Cathedral Chapter House.*

up, drawing from its muniment room inspiration for his celebrated Rowley Poems; and within its precincts Southey and Coleridge were married. It holds a memorial to Admiral Sir William Penn, father of the founder of Pennsylvania.

**St. Stephen's Church**, erected by John Shipward, a contemporary of Canynges, is remarkable for the beauty of its tower. It contains the tomb of Martin Pring, a name standing high on the roll of Elizabethan navigators. The curious old church of **St. John the Baptist**, at the bottom

These wealthy burghers left lasting proof of their benevolence and piety, for with few exceptions the churches with which the centre of the city is so thickly dotted are almost entirely fifteenth-century productions. **St. Mary Redcliff**, described by Leland as "by far the fairest of all churches," and renowned throughout the world for richness and beauty, owed much to the munificence of William Canynges, a fifteenth-century merchant. Beneath its shadow the boy **Chatterton**, "the sleepless soul who perished in his pride," grew



*St. Peter's Hospital.*

of Broad Street, dates from the fourteenth century, and is the sole remaining example of a picturesque custom which turned the gateways of the city to ecclesiastical uses when they had served the purposes of defence.

The **Cathedral** was originally the church of the Monastery of St. Augustine, founded in 1142 by Robert Fitzhardinge, progenitor of the noble Lords of Berkeley. On the suppression of the monasteries by Henry VIII the church was raised to the dignity of a Cathedral, and the town to that of a city. The bulk of the existing building is modern,



*View at Bristol Bridge.*

but the old **Abbey Gateway** and the **Chapter House** have been preserved, both of them fine specimens of Romanesque work at a time when that style of architecture had reached its highest pitch. Opposite to the Cathedral, on the other side of College Green, stands the **Lord Mayor's Chapel**, or St. Mary's. Originally the chapel of Gaunt's Hospital, it is one of the most beautiful and interesting Gothic edifices in Bristol. Below College Green is the **Tramway Centre**, whence electric cars run to all parts of the city. Here is a busy scene, as depicted in the illustration on page 10. The huge rectangular building down the harbour is one of the granaries owned by the Bristol Corporation.

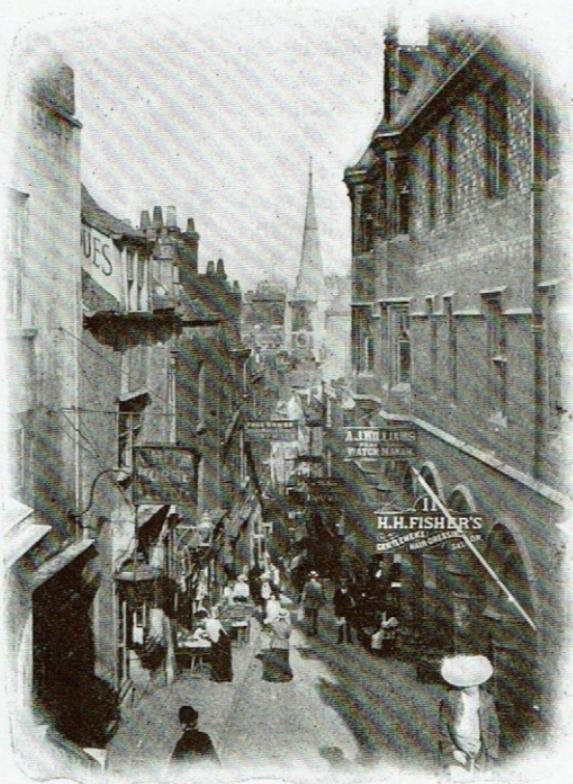
Away on the left of Prince Street is **Queen Square**, which dates from the early eighteenth century, and can show what genuine Queen Anne houses were like. The equestrian statue of William III, by Rysbrach, in the centre, is one of the finest in the country.

At the end of Baldwin Street stands **Bristol Bridge**, on the site of a much earlier erection, which was built in the thirteenth century, and was itself the successor of an old wooden structure. The Avon flowing beneath it, and the Froom, which joins the larger stream at Prince Street Bridge, were converted over a hundred years ago into a Floating Harbour by damming the current at Cumberland Basin, a mile farther down, and turning the surplus waters of the Avon into a channel known as the New Cut. Along the waterways thus constructed have been erected quays

as extensive and commodious as any in the kingdom.

From **St. Nicholas Church**, overlooking the bridge, the curfew still rings out at nine o'clock each evening, recalling a civilisation which has long passed away.

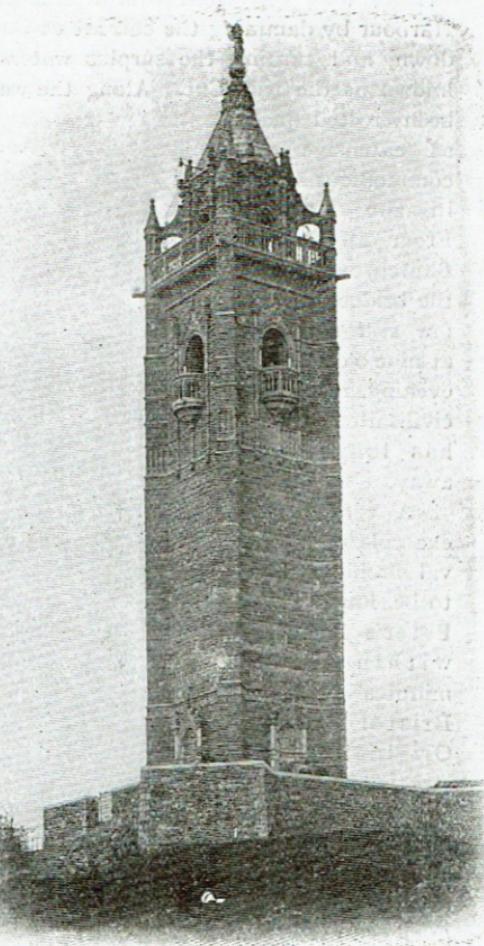
A very perfect example of mediæval architecture is to be found in **St. Peter's Hospital**, within a few minutes' walk of Bristol Bridge. Originally constructed about 1500 as a private dwelling, it became in turn a sugar refinery, a royal mint, and finally, in 1698, a



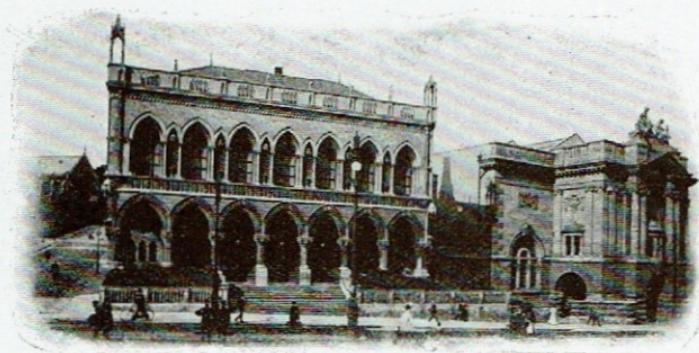
*Christmas Steps, with St. John's Church in the distance.*

workhouse. Adjoining it stands **St. Peter's Church**, in point of view of age the mother of all the city churches.

Passing under St. John's Archway at the bottom of Broad Street, the visitor should ascend **Christmas Steps**, a most quaint and interesting survival of seventeenth-century Bristol. The steps were constructed, as recorded in a stone recess at the top, in 1669, to replace a steep pathway. **Foster's Almshouses** and the **Chapel of the Three Kings of Cologne** stand at the summit. Following the tram line upwards from Christmas Steps, the visitor reaches the top of Park Street, where Prince Rupert pierced the Roundhead defences in 1643, and above him on his left sees Brandon Hill, crowned by the **Cabot Tower**. A sense of veneration will doubtless stir the mind of the visitor from the New World as he reflects upon the great event which this Tower commemorates, and pictures to himself the good ship *Matthew* bravely dropping down the river beneath the shadow of this hill with her master, John Cabot, and his Bristol men on board her, pushing out in their frail barque across the Atlantic to discover the Continent of America four centuries ago. From the top of the tower a wonderful panorama unfolds itself, beneath, the city throbbing with busy life, all around hill and vale and fertile plain as far as the eye can reach, and to the west the boundless ocean.

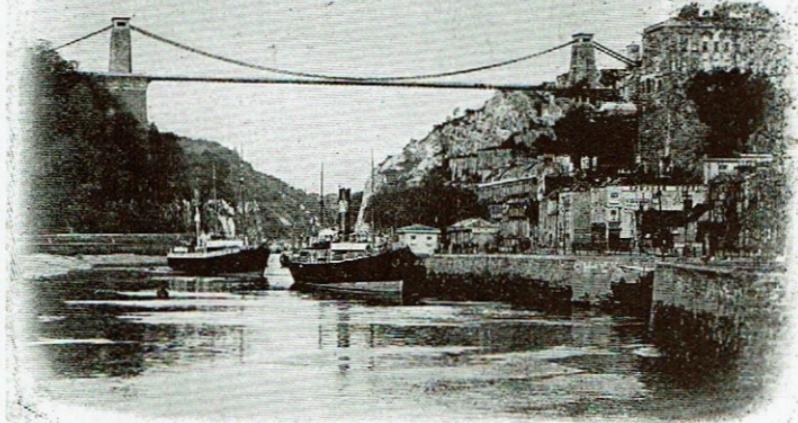


*The Cabot Tower.*



*Museum and Art Gallery.*

From the top of Park Street the tramcars run, past the **Art Gallery** and **Museum** and **University**, to the far-famed **Downs**, a magnificent stretch of upland much cherished by Bristolians. From the Sea Walls the eye roams over the Bristol Channel to the Welsh Hills beyond, whilst the graceful lines of the **Suspension Bridge**, triumph of the great Brunel, at the head of the Avon Gorge, combine with the wooded slopes of **Nightingale Valley** and the frowning cliffs of **Observatory Hill** to form a picture of romantic beauty unsurpassed.



*Clifton Suspension Bridge.*

"Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,  
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down."—*The Armada*, by LORD MACAULAY.



Clifton Down and Observatory Hill from Leigh Woods (showing Clifton Down Hotel).

WRINGTON.

CHEDDAR.

WELLS.

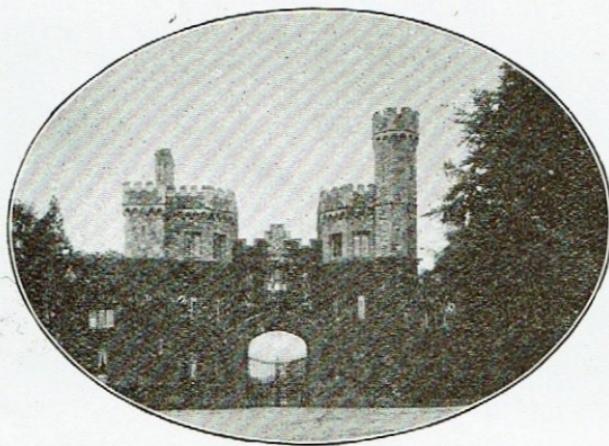
GLASTONBURY.

STANTON DREW.

Distance by Motor  
Route :

(About) 65 miles.

LEAVING Bristol by way of the Suspension Bridge, the visitor will have an opportunity of admiring the wonderful scenery of the Avon Gorge, with the wooded slopes of Nightingale Valley rising sharply from the water's edge. A quarter of a mile from the end of the Bridge stands the imposing gateway of Ashton Park, the noble residence of the Smyth family. In the midst of beautiful grounds, with well-kept drives and shady woods, stands the mansion of **Ashton Court**, erected by Inigo Jones in 1634. Many priceless treasures are contained within its walls. The road leading round through Beggar's Bush Lane along the park wall for nearly two miles is well known to golf enthusiasts, for at the end lie **Failand Golf Links**, a very good inland course with beautiful views of the Bristol Channel and the Welsh Hills. The



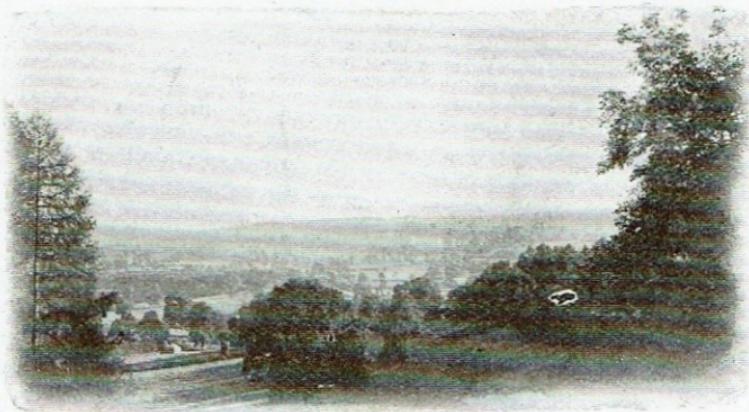
*Ashton Park Gates.*



*Club House, Failand Golf Links.*

prettily-wooded slopes of **Belmont Hill** now lead down to the flat country below, to the villages of **Flax Bourton** and **Backwell**. The twelfth-century Norman work preserved in the former is well worth a visit, and the latter possesses a fine "Somerset" tower, and a memorial to one of the great Rodney family. The woods rising to the left of the road beyond Backwell are intersected by a romantic glen known as **Brockley Coombe**, up which the tourist soon is passing. The wealth of foliage, flanked through a portion of the way by rocky cliffs, offers an ever-changing series of pictures to the lover of Nature.

Emerging on the Bridgwater road, a short run brings us to **Wrington**,



*View from Belmont Hill.*



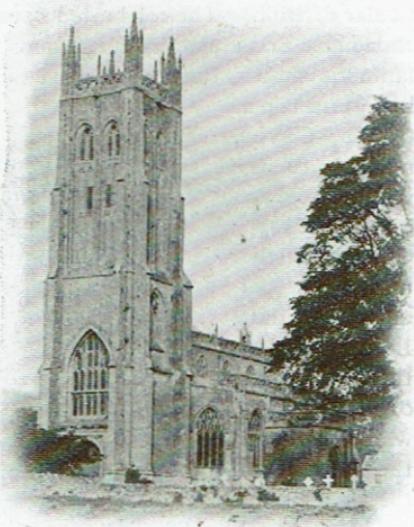
*Brockley Coombe.*

anciently formed part of the estates of Glastonbury. The historical interest of the place lies in the fact that it was the birthplace of **John Locke**, the philosopher, and the home for many years, and final resting-place, of **Hannah More**. Her house, Barley Wood, stands by the side of the road leading into Wrington, and her tomb is in the churchyard.

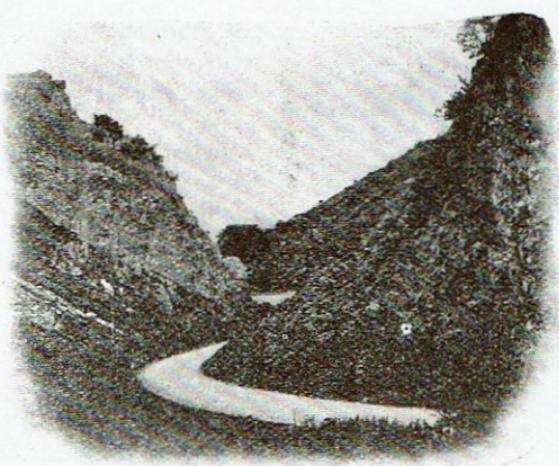
■ ■ ■ And now, crossing the Bridgwater road again, turning first to the left and then to the right, we speed along towards **Burrington Coombe**. On the left lies the way to **Blagdon**, whose artificial reservoir adds enormously to the beauty of the scene, and to the summit of the Mendip Hills. The cliffs of Burrington Coombe, rising to a height of 250 feet, present a romantic picture. Some remarkable caves exist in these cliffs in which human skeletons have been found, and the bones of animals now extinct. In a cleft hard by Toplady composed the well-known hymn "Rock of Ages."

A few miles beyond the top

the glory of which is its church. The tower, one of the finest in Somerset, is a stately and harmonious composition, with long and graceful belfry windows, and bears a strong family likeness to the towers of Evercreech and St. Cuthbert's, Wells. The manor



*Wrington Church.*



*Burrington Coombe.*

of the Coombe the road descends through the famous **Cheddar Gorge**, cleaving the edge of the Mendips until it debouches on to the village of **Cheddar** at the foot. The descent through the Gorge is most impressive, the cliffs rising gradually higher and higher until they tower to a height of 450 feet, a wall of sheer perpendicular

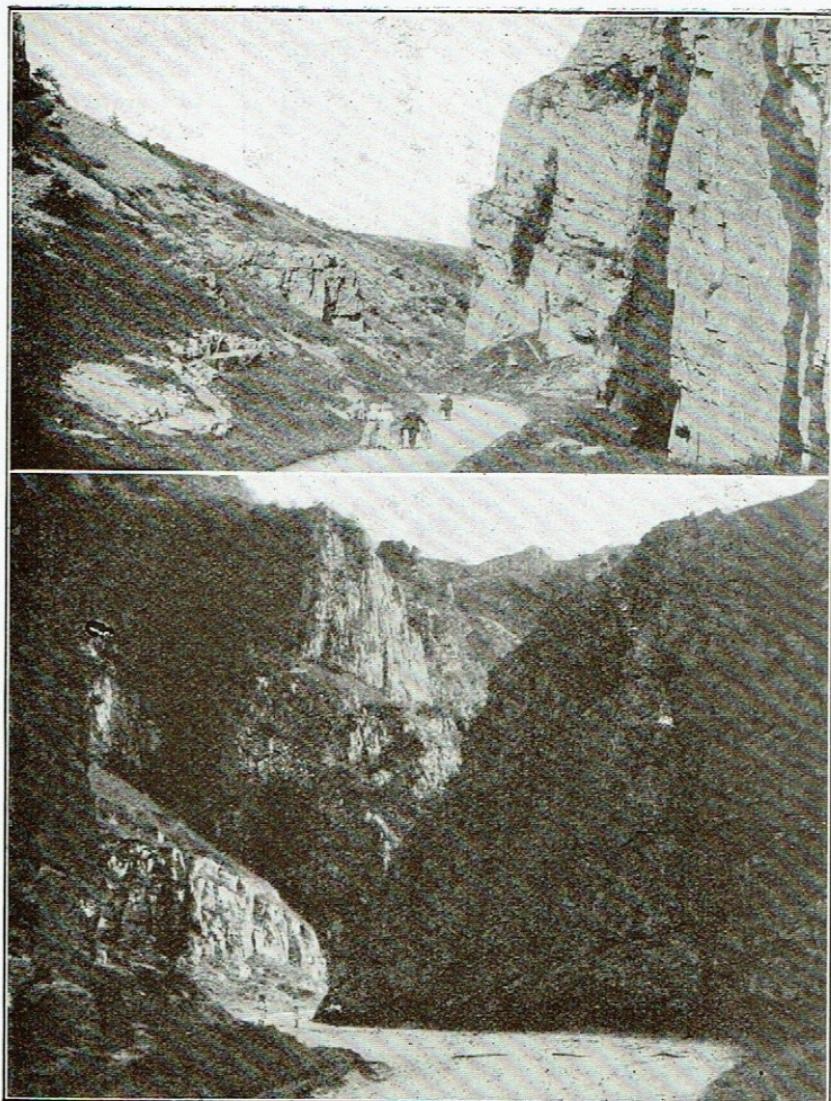
nassive rock. The village of Cheddar itself presents no special features; its fame rests upon its Gorge, its Caves, and its cheese, the manufacture of which, however, is not now confined to this particular district. The celebrated **Caves** are a series of caverns containing stalagmite and stalactite formations, wrought in countless curious and fantastic shapes, during a period of time beyond the power of man's imagination.

Cox's Caves, nearest to the village, were discovered in 1837; Gough's, higher up, at a considerably later date. Both contain distinctive features of their own, which demand the attention of the visitor.

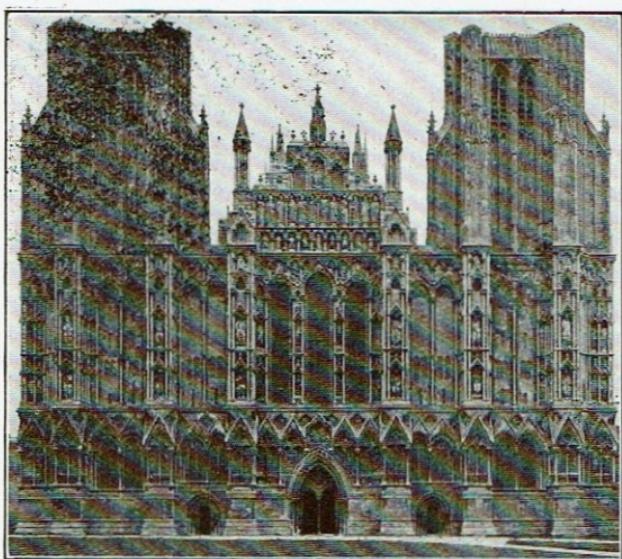
The caves run several miles



*View in Cheddar Caves.*



*Cheddar—Views at top and bottom of Gorge*



*Wells Cathedral, Exterior.*

farther into the recesses of the hills than visitors are allowed to go, and there is no doubt that the whole of this range is honeycombed with similar chambers.

The road from Cheddar to Wells traverses the foot of the Mendips, with the plain of Glastonbury stretching away on the right hand, and Glastonbury Tor

in the distance. Some three or four miles away lies the village of **Wedmore**, the scene of Danish Guthrum's "chrisom-loosing" after his baptism at Aller, and of the peace concluded between him and Alfred the Great. Shortly before reaching Wells a turning on the left leads up to **Wookey Hole**, the oldest known cave in the country, and **Ebbor Rocks**. Recent explorations at Wookey Hole have revealed wonders within the fastnesses of the hills as great as any to be seen at Cheddar.

**Wells** is unique among cathedral cities, for its antiquities, mellowed but unimpaired by age, have come to us from the Middle Ages practically unchanged. Owing to the non-monachical character of its church, it escaped the religious upheaval which overthrew Glastonbury and other monastic foundations, and presents at the present time the machinery of a great mediæval ecclesiastical foundation in actual working order. It is impossible within these short limits to give any description of the various ecclesiastical buildings. Of the Cathedral, its peculiar glory is its west front, unequalled elsewhere in England, and offering the spectator, with its undamaged sculpture, a mediæval

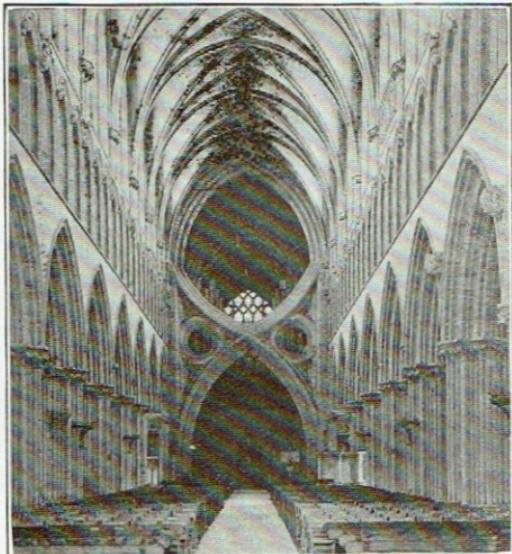
historical picture book. The quaint old clock, in which the clumsy device of a tournament is used for recording the hours, was constructed primarily for Glastonbury. In **Vicar's Close**, originally designed for the college of singing clerks of the Cathedral, the visitor finds himself wafted back into an atmosphere removed by many centuries from the bustling world of to-day. Next in interest to the Cathedral is the **Bishop's Palace**, with its crenellated walls and gate-house.

The oldest part of the structure has oddly enough been the one to survive.

From Wells a short run of a few miles across the plain brings us to **Glastonbury**—

“Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns,  
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.”

This quiet little market town of 4,000 inhabitants holds in its heart the romance and the pain of English history from the earliest days till now. Here was the birthplace of British Christianity, the cradle of the English faith. Here in this “blessed Isle of Avalon”—for it was an island once—blossomed the flower of English chivalry in the person of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. And it was this sacred spot which became the favourite burying-place of mediæval saints and heroes. The legend which has been handed down from time immemorial, and which accounts for Glastonbury's early pre-eminence, relates how Joseph of Arimathæa came with eleven companions “to carry the tidings of the blessed gospel,” and was wafted across the Severn Sea to this spot. And as St. Joseph leaned upon his staff on



*Wells Cathedral, Interior.*



*Glastonbury Abbey.*

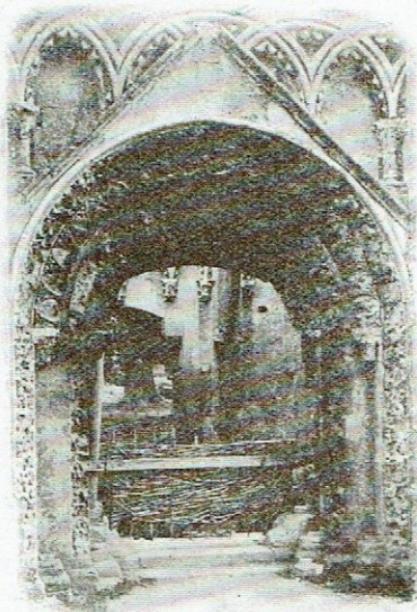
Wirrial (Weary-all) Hill, it took root and became a thorn tree, "the Holy Thorn," which blossomed every year as the Feast of the Nativity came round. In the days of the Great Rebellion it was cut down by profane hands, but an off-shoot was preserved and still grows in the abbey grounds. At the foot of Glastonbury Tor St. Joseph buried the Holy Grail (the cup of blessing from the Last Supper), and from its place of sepulture gushed forth the Bloody Spring, which is still to be seen at the present day.

St. Joseph and his companions built a little shrine of wattle and daub, the first Christian Church not only in England but in the whole world. In the age of persecution which followed there comes a blank in the story, but around this ancient edifice clustered the later glories of the monastery. The authentic history of the foundation begins with the erection of a church by King Ina, whose work was continued by the great St. Dunstan. Until the Reformation the monastery had a career of unrivalled influence and splendour, and the wealth she had by then acquired rendered her a sure prey to the rapacity of Henry VIII. Her power ended with the judicial murder of her last Abbot, Richard Whiting, who refused to surrender his trust to the demands of his royal master, and soon the buildings fell into decay.

Of the church itself very little remains, but the piers of the chancel arch and portions of the walls indicate the general design of the building and its huge dimensions. The most perfectly preserved portion is **St. Joseph's Chapel**, standing on the site of St. Joseph's legendary shrine, and offering the most beautiful specimen of Transitional work in England. Of the domestic buildings of the monastery, the **Abbot's Kitchen** alone remains, with a contiguous fragment of the almonry, and a portion of the great gateway of the monastery now built into the Red Lion Inn. The **George Inn**, a fifteenth century structure, and the **Tribunal**, probably the old court-house, should not be missed, and then a climb to the top of the **Tor** will complete the visit to Glastonbury. From the summit, crowned by the tower of St. Michael's, we look out upon the Channel up which there sailed in ancient days the ships of Tarshish and the Phoenician traders, and across which St. Joseph came to his final resting-place, upon the battlefields of Arthur and Alfred, upon the "holiest erth of England," as one old writer puts it, upon a very land of dreams.

It is a source of great satisfaction that this fine old ecclesiastical relic of Glastonbury has, through the energy of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, been purchased for the benefit of the nation. To him, and to the generosity which has made this possible, the gratitude of the whole English-speaking race is due.

Close to Glastonbury, at the little village of Meare, some exceedingly interesting remains may be seen of prehistoric **Lake Villages**, the first



*Glastonbury, St. Joseph's Chapel.*



*Druidical Remains, Stanton Drew.*

of which was discovered nineteen years ago. The Glastonbury Museum contains many valuable archaeological finds which have rewarded antiquarian researches here in recent years.

Returning to Bristol through Wells, a short visit should be paid to **Stanton Drew**, which possesses some most interesting relics of the Stone Age. Picturesquely grouped in fields near the river are three stone circles, popularly regarded as Druidical. The largest, known as the Great Circle, is 368 feet in diameter. There were originally about thirty rude and unhewn blocks, most of which still stand. Of these the majority are composed of a peculiar hard reddish-brown rock, probably brought from Harptree Ridge on Mendip, some six miles distant. A short "avenue" of stones in parallel lines leads out towards the east-north-east, that is, towards the rising sun in the early part of May. The neighbouring North-East Circle is smaller, but has more massive blocks of the same rock, one of which must weigh thirty tons. A third circle of smaller stones lies to the south-west. Behind the church is a dolmen known as "The Cove." A large recumbent megalith, "The Quoit," lies near the Pensford road, 618 yards to the north-east of the Great Circle. There can be little doubt that the whole was definitely planned and laid out in relation to some purpose, regarded by Sir Norman Lockyer as astronomical. These ancient stone monuments are probably earlier than Stonehenge as it now stands, and were erected by a race that had not yet emerged from the later Stone Age.

CHEPSTOW.  
TINTERN.  
MONMOUTH.  
RAGLAN.  
CAERLEON.  
CAERWENT.

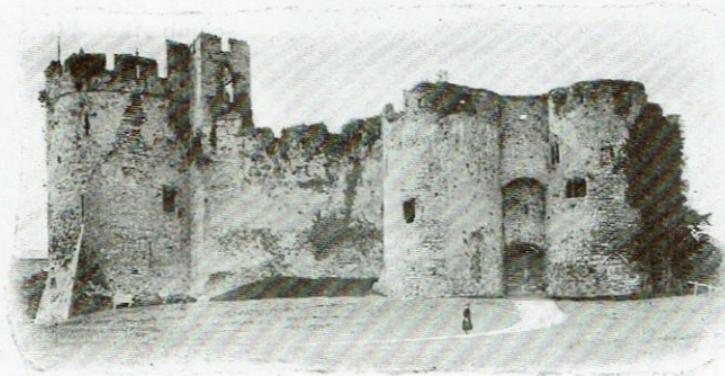
Distance by Motor  
Route :

(About) 69 miles.

“O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods,  
How often has my spirit turned to thee!”—*Wordsworth*.

Among the many beautiful rivers of England the Wye holds a very high, if not the highest, place. To describe it fitly is an impossible task. Its praises have been sung by many poets at many times, but its countless charms no words can paint, no picture convey; the visitor must appreciate them for himself. In the tour here marked out only the lower reaches of the river are presented; but for those who have leisure the whole valley offers unending objects of historic and beautiful interest.

The journey proper begins at **Chepstow**, which may be reached by railway through the Severn Tunnel, or to Berkeley and down through the Forest of Dean. An ancient market town, as its name denotes, it grew up and flourished around the baronial castle, which is now its chief feature

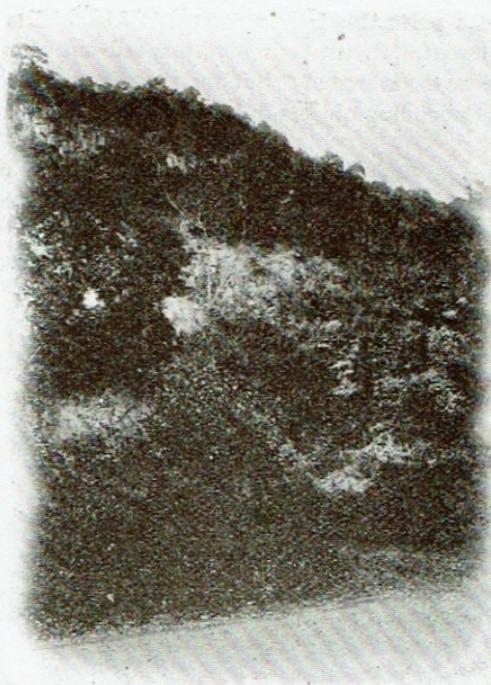


Chepstow Castle.

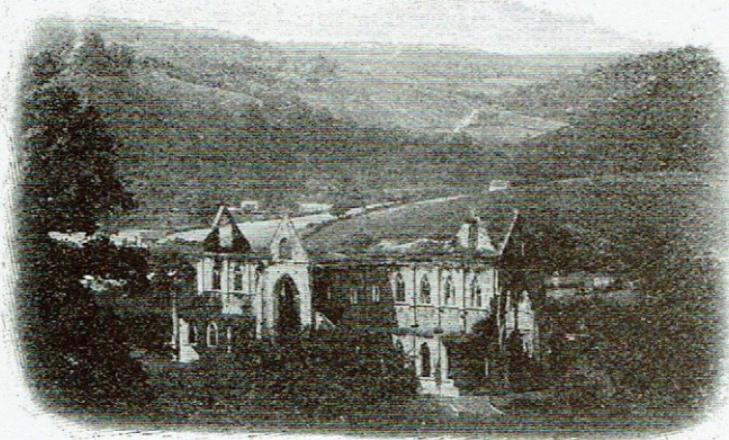
of interest. A portion of the old town wall, known as the **Portwall**, still remains, and one of its openings, the Town Gate, stands to-day, as it has stood for centuries, at the top of High Street. The **Castle** was begun by William Fitz-Osborne, a powerful Norman noble, and underwent many alterations and additions in the thirteenth century. The ruins, which comprise some fine gateways, three wards, and a keep, are well preserved. This castle, like others in the Wye Valley, was the centre of much fierce fighting in the Parliamentary Wars, being of great importance to both parties. Three times it was besieged, falling eventually to the Parliamentary forces when all hope for the Royalist cause was lost. The parish church of **St. Mary** dates from the Norman period, and possesses a west door which is a beautiful specimen of Norman work. Within are two monuments of special interest—one of the second Earl of Worcester, who died in 1549, and the other of Sir Henry Marten, who was notable as one of the signatories to

the death warrant of Charles I. The fine tubular bridge across the river, designed by the great Brunel, demands attention.

The distance to **Tintern Abbey** from Chepstow is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles, a portion of which, for those who wish to climb the **Wyndcliff**, must be covered on foot. This precipitous limestone mass, rising over 800 feet above the river at its base, affords one of the most magnificent prospects in England. The beauty of the wonderful combination of wood, rock, and river below is enhanced a thousand-



*The Wyndcliff, near Tintern.*



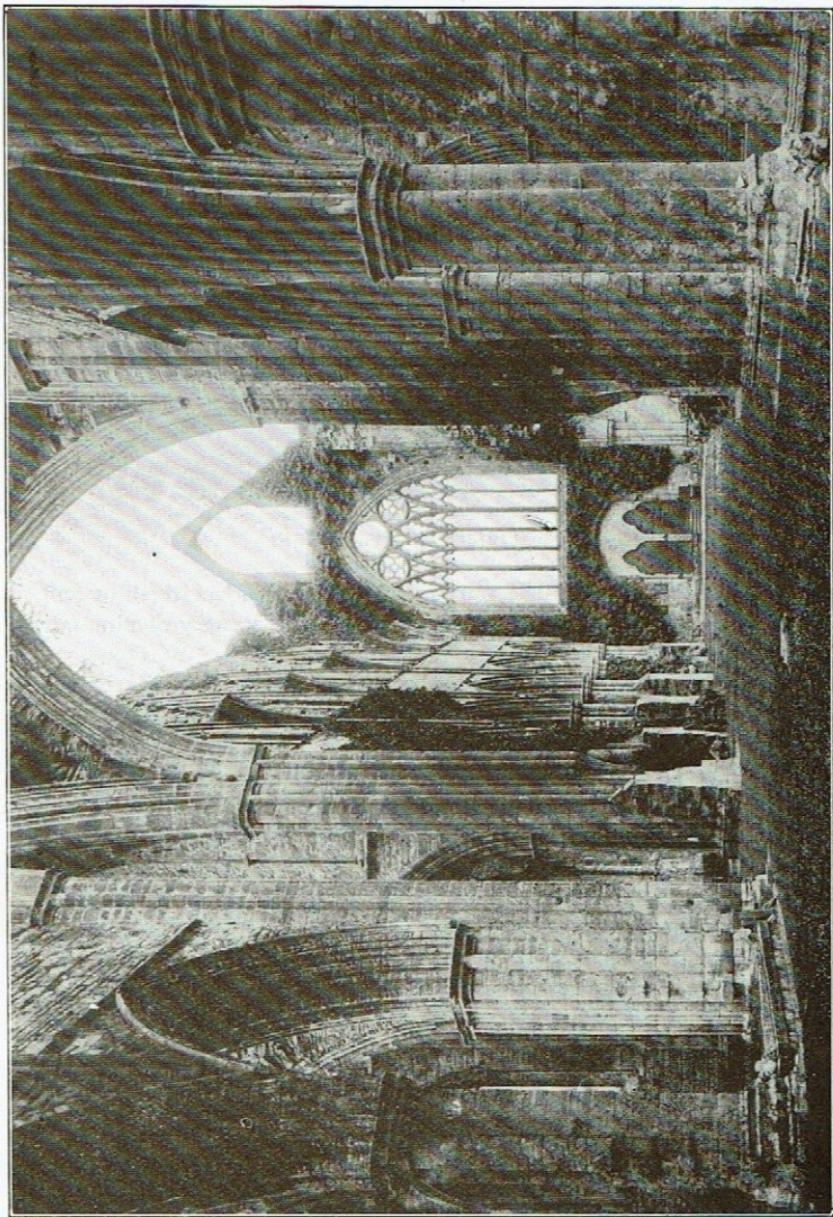
*Tintern Abbey.*

fold by its setting, with the purple haze of the Gloucestershire and Malvern Hills in the distance, and the variegated scenery of nine fair English counties around.

Descending from the Wyndcliff by a path down the face of the precipice to **Moss Cottage**, a structure appropriately named, the journey by motor-car to Tintern may be resumed. Surrounded by woods, and with the River Wye running close beside it, the site of **Tintern Abbey** is one of great natural beauty, and as a ruin the Abbey itself has no rival in England. The roof has long since fallen in, and the whole building stands open to the sky; but the shell remains entire, and all the pillars, except those dividing the nave from the north aisle. The visitor thus can to a large extent reconstruct the building in his mind, and picture to himself the grace and beauty of its prime. The abbey was founded in 1131 by Walter de Clare, Lord of Chepstow, for monks of the Cistercian Order, but the existing remains belong to buildings of a later date. Unlike its sister at Glastonbury, this monastery never possessed much power or influence, the Abbot of Tintern being described in the fifteenth century as the poorest in the land.

The road from Tintern follows the banks of the Wye through scenes of remarkable beauty. A short divergence should be made to **St. Briavels**, about a mile from the east bank of the river, for it possesses a church and castle of great interest, the latter being founded by Henry I,

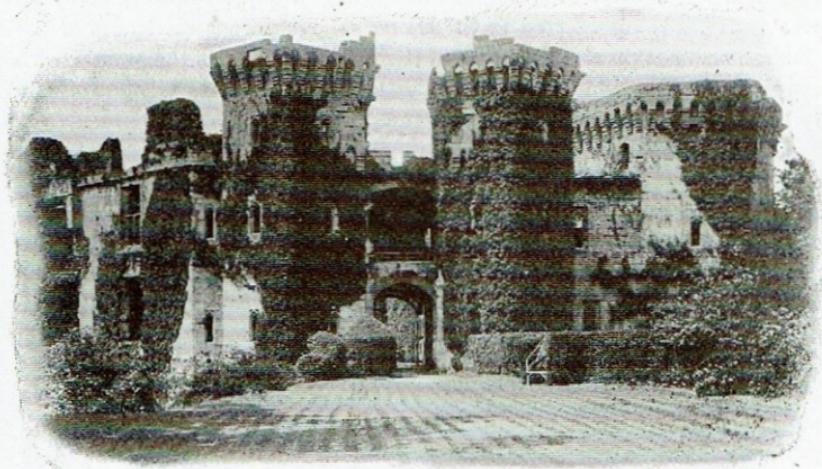
*Tintern Abbey, looking west.*



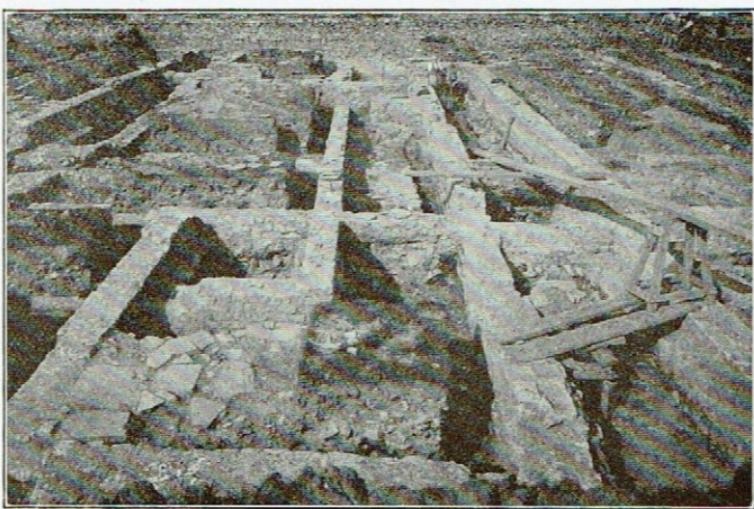
as a link in the chain of border defences. At a distance from Tintern of eleven miles lies **Monmouth**, taking its name from the Monnow River which here augments the waters of the Wye. It is a town of great antiquity, and endowed by nature with much picturesque beauty. It is famous as being the birthplace of Henry V, who was born in 1388 in **Monmouth Castle**, of which some scanty fragments remain. The **Monnow Gate** still stands, and also a portion of the old walls. **St. Mary's Church**, dating from 1075, with its well-proportioned spire rising to a height of 200 feet, is the feature of the town and valley.

To **Raglan Castle** from Monmouth is a distance of eight miles along the valley of the River Trothy. This fine old building has been described as "the most perfect Decorated stronghold of which this country can boast—a romance in stone and lime." The ruins belong to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but they stand upon the site of an earlier erection, which is known to have been occupied in the time of Henry II. The castle was dismantled by order of Cromwell, and never repaired.

Fourteen miles from Raglan, in the beautiful valley of the Usk, lies the venerable town of **Caerleon**, known to readers of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* as the place where Arthur held his court, and reared the noble flower of English chivalry. But it has also a very ancient and real history of its own. For here was the station of the Second Augustan



*Raglan Castle.*



*Excavations at Caerwent.*

Legion during the Roman occupation of Britain, and on the earliest introduction of Christianity to this island, Caerleon, as one of the foremost towns, was elevated to the dignity of an archbishopric, which was afterwards transferred to St. David's. Numerous evidences of the Roman occupation remain, some of them *in situ*, such as the grass-grown amphitheatre, in which the tiers of seats may still be traced, but chiefly in the valuable museum erected for the purpose.

At **Caerwent** (*Venta Silurum*), ten miles along the Chepstow road, a Roman city is gradually being unearthed, the present excavations having been begun in 1899. Like Caerleon and Gloucester, it was rectangular in shape, measuring about 400 yards by 500, divided into twenty blocks or insulæ. Caerwent was the principal stronghold of the Silures before the occupation of the Romans, who established there a station of their own. Remains of an old Roman road connecting Caerleon and Caerwent with Gloucester may still be traced. In the Museum are many most interesting exhibits, among them being a square stone pillar, which was erected, as we learn from the still perfectly legible inscription, in memory of a Roman officer commanding the Second Legion, by the Council of the Commune of the Silures—probably about 230 A.D.,

BERKELEY.  
GLOUCESTER.  
CIRENCESTER.  
BADMINTON.  
BATH.

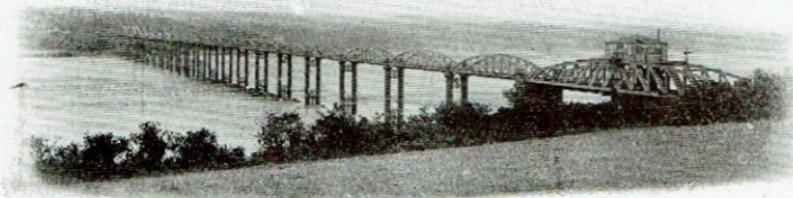
Distance by Motor  
Route :

Returning via Badminton  
(About) 89 miles.

Returning via Bath  
(About) 100 miles.

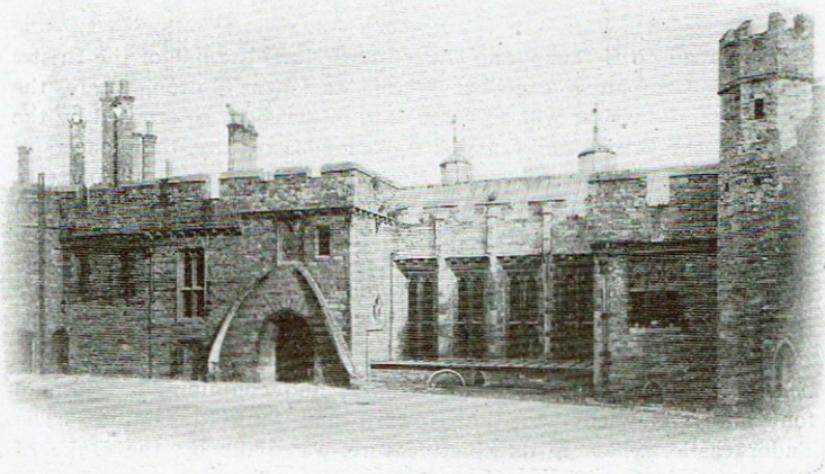
The road to Berkeley and Gloucester follows the line of the Bristol Tramway Company's excellent system as far as Filton, where the interest of the visitor will, in these days of aviation, be aroused by the works of the British and Colonial Aeroplane Company, the pioneers of the British Aeroplane industry. Hence aeroplanes go to all parts of the world, some of the most important orders coming from the British and Russian military authorities. The road past Almondsbury commands a fine view of the low-lying country running out to the waters of the Severn, and of the hills beyond, and leads us soon to **Thornbury**.

This ancient country town boasts a handsome church, formerly belonging to the Abbey of Tewkesbury, and containing a Norman font and monuments to the Howard and Stafford families. The Tudor castle, which is its chief feature, was built by the Duke of Buckingham, the courtier of bluff King Hal, who with Anne Boleyn received hospitality at the hands of his favourite beneath its roof.



*The Severn Bridge, Sharpness.*

**Berkeley**, our next objective, is a sleepy country town which holds the distinction of being the birthplace of Edward Jenner, of vaccination fame. Its church, which has the peculiarity, seldom seen elsewhere, of a detached tower, is very fine, being pronounced by E. A. Freeman as worthy to form part of a cathedral. It is mainly Early English, but remains of the Norman church erected by Robert Fitzhardinge in the twelfth century are still to be seen. As is natural, it contains many tombs of the Berkeleys, with whom it has been so long associated.

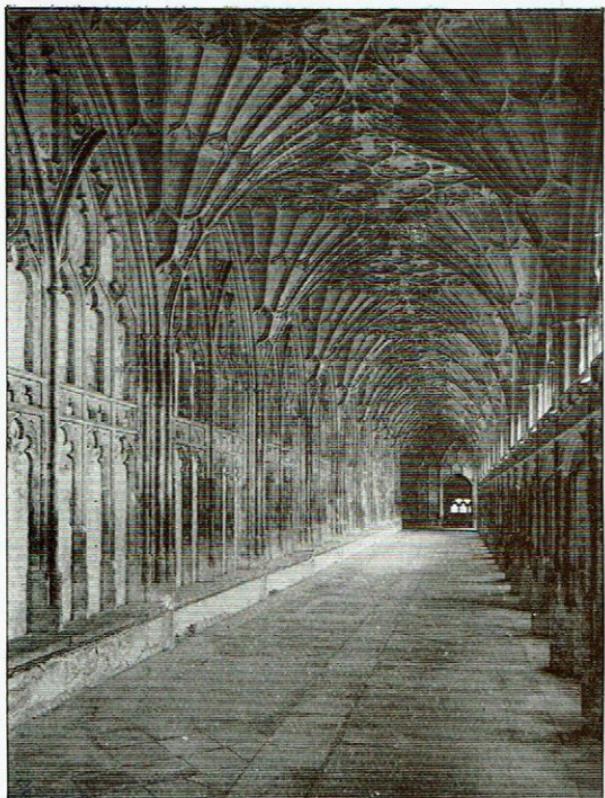


*Berkeley Castle ; Inner Courtyard.*

The **Castle** is remarkable as one of the most perfect feudal structures still existing, and for having been the home of the Berkeley family from the days of Stephen, with one short interval, till the present time. It is also notable historically as the scene of Edward II's murder, when

"The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring ;  
Shrieks of an agonising King"

were said to have been heard in Berkeley itself. The room in which the deed was supposed to have been done is still shown. The castle was founded by William Fitz Osborne, already noted in connection with Chepstow Castle, and was bestowed by Henry II



*The Cloisters, Gloucester Cathedral.*

on Robert Fitzhardinge, Constable of Bristol. From the top of the keep, which is the most ancient part, a magnificent prospect over the surrounding country and across the Severn Estuary, spanned by a finely constructed bridge, to the Welsh Hills and the Forest of Dean lies open to the view.

The ancient capital city of **Gloucester**, at which the tourist next arrives, was during the reign of William Rufus the centre of English his-

tory, and deserves a longer visit than can on this occasion be devoted to it. Here, as in Bristol, the irresistible march of civilisation has swept away many things which the antiquarian fain would have preserved, but much still remains to recall the historic past. The **New Inn**, for example, has been known by that name since 1420, when it was rebuilt on the site of an older inn, and is the only survivor (except for some portions of a dwelling-house) of four such hosteries licensed by the Benedictine Abbey of St. Peter for the benefit of pilgrims to the shrine of Edward II. But the city is worth a visit if only for the sake of its **Cathedral**, which combines great architectural beauty with a crowd



*The New Inn, Gloucester.*

teenth century, that the Perpendicular style of architecture was invented, and first applied to the restoration of Gloucester Cathedral. The cloisters, in which the fan tracery of the roof is exceedingly beautiful, are among the best preserved in Christendom.

Leaving Gloucester by the Ermine Street, one of the several Roman highways still in use, the ride over the Cotswolds is a very beautiful one, and brings us at the end of seventeen miles to **Cirencester**. This ancient country town, once a Roman stronghold, is situated in the midst of a wide expanse of delightful country. Earl Bathurst's lovely park, with its broad-spreading trees, its herds of deer, and its reminiscences of Pope, the poet, constitutes one of its most attractive features. Its Agricultural College has a well-deserved repute, while the **Church**, dedicated to St. John, and adjoining the ground once occupied by a sumptuous abbey, is now considered one of the most magnificent parochial edifices in the kingdom. The removal of some of the dwellings which formerly obstructed the view of the exterior gives greater prominence to the structure than it formerly possessed.

From Cirencester the road we travel follows another old Roman highway as far as Rodmarton, whence the most direct way to Bristol lies through Tetbury and the quaint old town of Chipping Sodbury. Hard by the latter place is **Badminton**, the home of the Beaufort family, a name high in the estimation of all lovers of

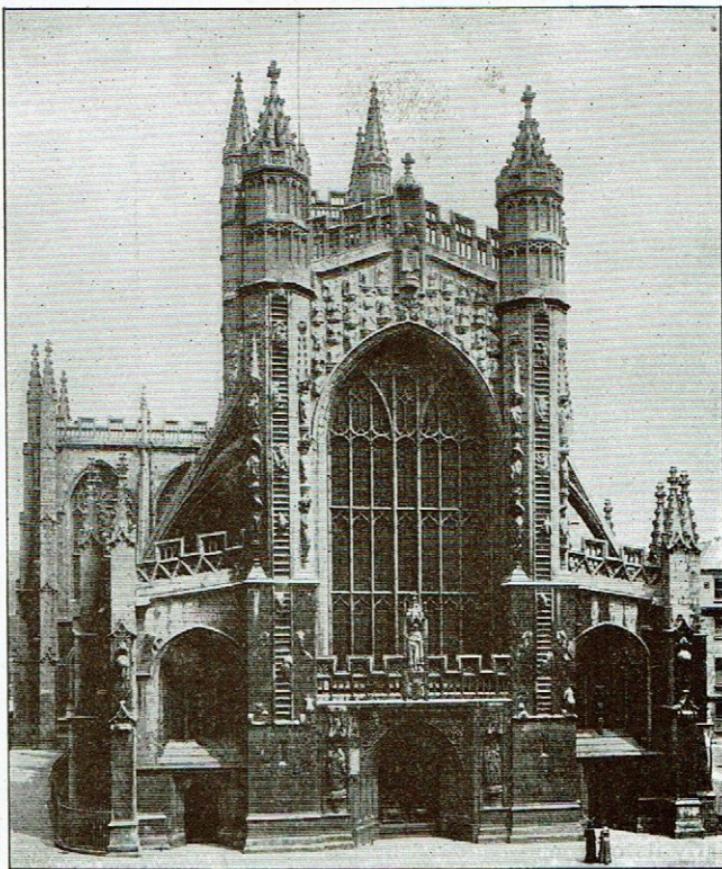
of historical interests possessed by few other ecclesiastical edifices. It was here that William the Conqueror held his great Councils, and that the Domesday Survey was ordered; and it was by Wygmore, a monk of the four-

sport. The house, situated in a park nine miles in circumference, was erected in 1682 by the first duke, and contains many artistic treasures. It is one of many fine mansions situated in this neighbourhood.



*St. John's Church, Cirencester, from Abbey Grounds.*

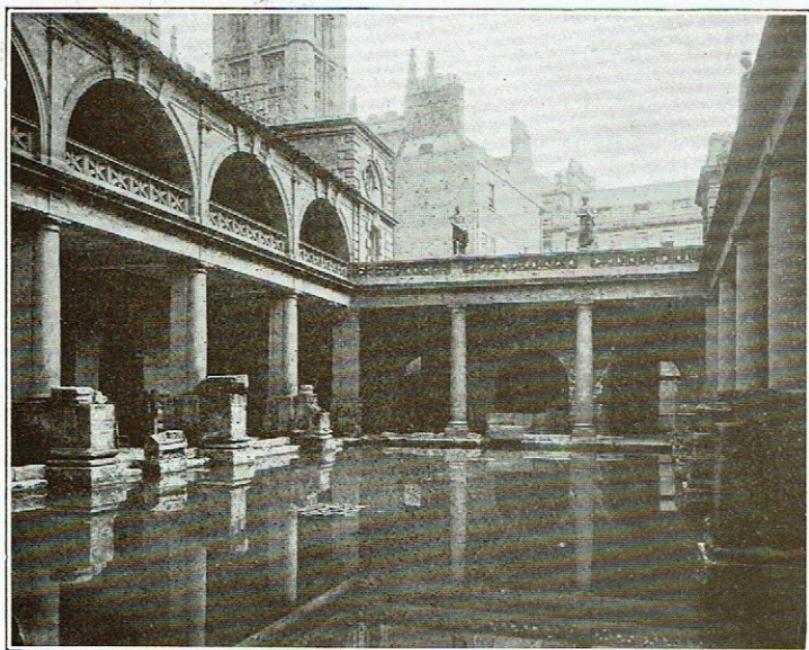
If, however, the long summer day is not yet done, take the lower road from Rodmarton, through **Malmesbury**, with its fine abbey ruins, and ancient market cross, and the country town of Chippenham, to **Bath**, the venerable mother of many cities in the great continent across the Atlantic. The capital of English watering-places—the Bath as it used to be called—is endowed by nature and art with charms very peculiarly its own, and hallowed by the associations and traditions of centuries. The Romans, who knew how to avail themselves of its healing waters, as the five grand baths now excavated bear witness, made it one of their chief stations, and a sanatorium for sick and wounded legionaries. After their departure it fell into desolation, and during the Middle Ages had a troubled life until the abbey arose to give it a new dignity, and it became the seat of a bishopric, to which it still gives half a name. Its ecclesiastical glories suffered during the Reformation, but under Elizabeth it became a corporation, and during the sixteenth century was able, through the increasing security of travel, to develop its character as a health resort. Several royal visitors bestowed upon it the honour of their presence in the Stuart period,



*Bath Abbey, West Front.*

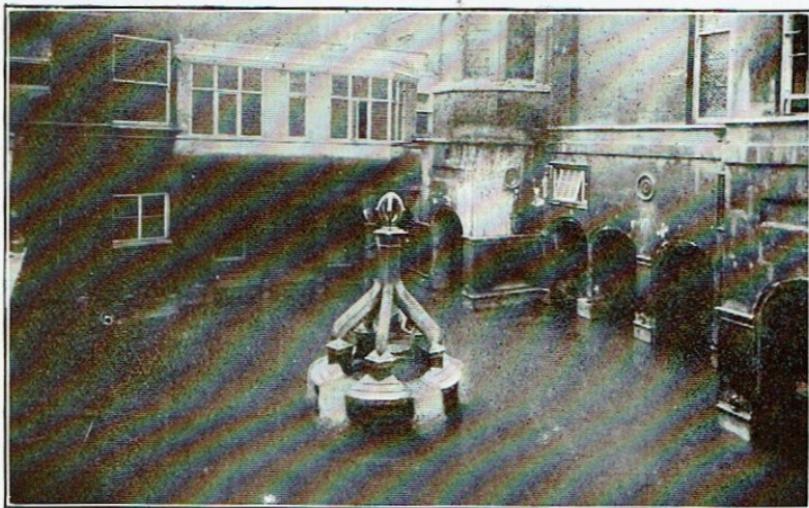
and soon it began to establish itself as a place of aristocratic rendezvous. Early in the eighteenth century came Beau Nash, who as "King of Bath" held undisputed sway for half a century, and did much in the interests of decorum and refinement, of which the place was sadly in need. In the second half of the century, under the guiding hand of James Wood, the architect, to whom are due the Parades, the Circus, Milsom Street, and the Royal Crescent, and of his son who succeeded him, Bath took on that aspect of spacious and solid dignity which

characterises it. In the golden age which followed, its visitors included almost all the celebrities in England, the blue stockings showed a peculiar affection for the place, and it became the fashionable home of the Muses. The decline of Bath during the nineteenth century, due to the opening up of the Continent at the end of the Napoleonic wars and the advent of foreign rivals, has been followed now by a marked revival of faith in the curative properties of its waters, and a return of its old prosperity.



*Roman Baths at Bath.*

**Bath Abbey** stands upon the site of an ancient Saxon church (the scene of King Edgar's coronation), which was pulled down by Bishop John de Villula to make way for a large Norman Cathedral. This building, having fallen into decay through war, fire, and neglect, was succeeded by a still larger one, in which remains of the old Norman church may still be seen. The chief interest of Bath, however, centres



*The King's Bath.*

in the magnificent **Roman Baths**, in which for nearly four centuries the Roman masters of Britain utilised the health-giving properties of the mineral waters. The magnificent thermæ which they erected are undoubtedly the finest Roman remains in Western Europe. The original pavements surrounding the baths are in a good state of preservation, and a long length of Roman piping is still to be seen *in situ*. Valuable relics are also preserved in the Grand Pump Room. The mediæval **King's Bath** was fashionable in the seventeenth century, and flourished in the days of Beau Nash. Around the walls are several rings erected as votive tablets by notable patients who benefited by the ministration of the waters. Adjoining the Baths is the **Grand Pump Room**, a magnificent eighteenth-century apartment, in which a hundred years ago the art and fashion of the country were wont to congregate. Indeed, the historic associations of Bath with the last two centuries of our national history is unsurpassed by any other town. In its unequalled eighteenth-century squares and crescents—"the handsomest houses in the world"—the imagination, rekindled by thoughts of the illustrious names which almost every street recalls, may run riot in glorious freedom; and the proximity to Bristol of this famous city will enable visitors to gain a closer acquaintance with its crowded interests than is possible in the short limits of this excursion.

TEWKESBURY.  
EVESHAM.  
STRATFORD-ON-AVON.  
WARWICK.  
KENILWORTH.  
CHELTENHAM.

Distance by Motor  
Route from Bristol :  
(About) 145 miles.

To visit all the places noted in this excursion by motor car within the short limits of a single day will require a considerable amount of "hustle." To those who prefer more leisurely methods, and cannot give two days to it, the assistance of the railway as far as Cheltenham will be welcome.

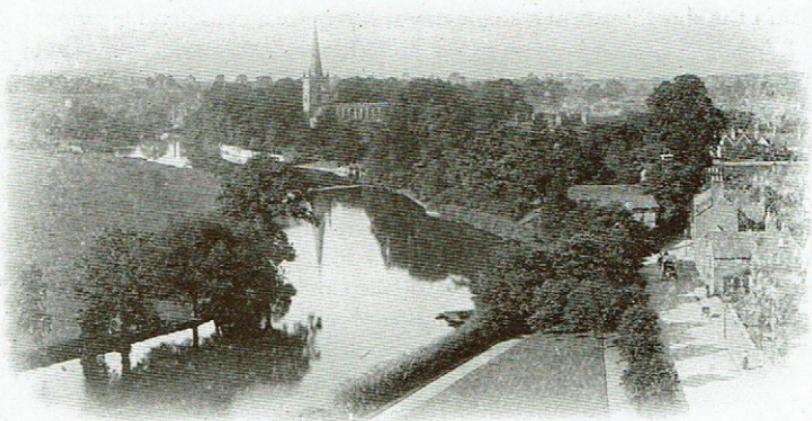
**Tewkesbury**, the first stopping-place for motorists, lies at the junction of the Avon and Severn, within easy reach of both Cheltenham and Gloucester, the road to which we followed in our last excursion. Standing aloof from the busy hum of the world around, Tewkesbury, with its exquisitely quaint Tudor houses, retains much of the appearance now which characterised it in the days of the Commonwealth. Principally a Norman structure, the **Abbey** embodies within itself many styles of architecture, and contains shrines and monuments of notable execution.



*Tewkesbury Abbey.*

From the top of the tower a magnificent view may be obtained of the fertile and wooded country in the midst of which it lies. Historically the town is interesting as the scene of the battle in which, in 1471, the forces of the house of York triumphed over those of Lancaster, under Margaret of Anjou. The literary associations too, through *John Halifax, Gentleman*, and the immortal "Mr. Pickwick," claim our interest and attention.

Twenty-four miles from Tewkesbury lies **Evesham**, the scene of another fierce encounter, in which, in 1265, Simon de Montfort, Earl of



*Stratford-on-Avon, showing Holy Trinity Church.*

Leicester, the founder of our English Parliament, was overthrown by the forces of the king and slain. A magnificent tower is all that remains of the ancient monastery. The Vale of Evesham is devoted chiefly to the industry of market gardening, and is full of pastoral and woodland beauty. Indeed we are now entering "Shakespeare's country," the atmosphere of which pervades the great poet's works and inspired much of his song. The Avon, flowing peacefully through "wide-skirted meads," fringed with willows and other trees, to join the waters of the Severn, is a typically English stream, and undoubtedly supplied a great deal of his "local colour."



*Shakespeare's Birthplace.*

The heart and centre of this land of groves and streams, of meadow and gently-rising hills, is **Stratford-on-Avon**, hallowed for all English-speaking peoples by the memory and tradition of the great bard. Here he was born and grew to manhood; from Shottery close by he took Anne Hathaway to wife; here he spent most of his days; and here at length he died. The town is still the same in many respects as he knew it; the Church, the Guild Chapel, Guildhall and Grammar Schoo presenting much the same aspect now that they did to him. **Holy Trinity Church** is notable quite apart from the fact that the great poet's remains are entombed within its venerable walls. It is an excellent example of a collegiate church, a distinction which characterised it until the time of the Reformation. A portion of the tithes were sold in 1605 to Shakespeare, thus entitling him to burial in the chancel, the collegiate portion of the church. Many interesting monuments are contained within the church, principally of course those to the poet himself and members of his family. In the **Parish Register** may be seen the entries of his birth, baptism, and burial, and those of his children.

But the building in which the memory of Shakespeare is most closely enshrined is the **Birthplace** in Henley Street. In the Birth Room situated over the front kitchen, and having a window facing the street, the walls, ceiling, and window are covered with the name of pilgrims



*The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.*

of admirers of his wonderful genius emotions of awe and reverence.

The **Memorial Theatre**, situated picturesquely on the banks of the Avon, was opened in 1879 with a performance of *Much Ado about Nothing*, and since then Shakespeare's birth has been celebrated annually by a festival, which each year assumes greater importance.

The Guildhall and Grammar School, founded by the Guild of Stratford-on-Avon, are also open to the inspection of visitors. Here, according to the ancient tradition of the school, William Shakespeare was educated, and began to develop that extraordinary range of knowledge and understanding which characterises his work. At the corner of Chapel Street and Chapel Lane may be seen all that remains of

who came before the days when the visitor's book was provided. Many of the names, such as Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle, are famous,—others not so. The practice is not now allowed. It is inevitable that this old house, and particularly this humble room in which the inimitable dramatist first saw the light, should awaken in the hearts

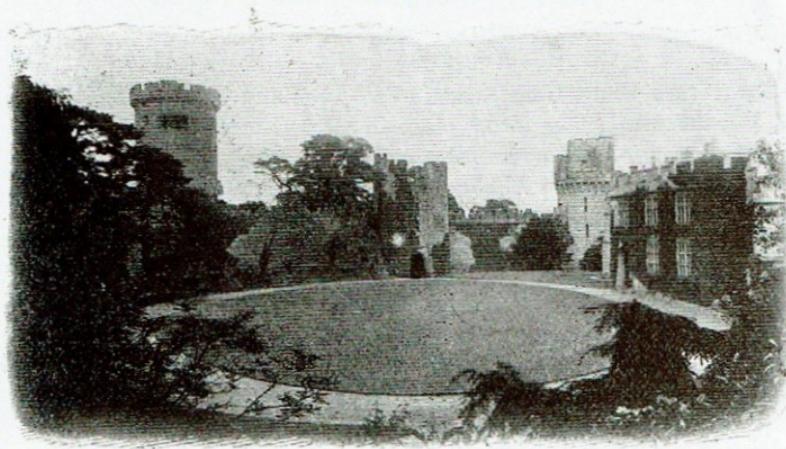


*Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Shottery.*

his house, **New Place**, which he purchased in 1597, and in which he died. The well-kept garden forms a pleasant retreat for those who seek a quiet spot after a round of sight-seeing, and here, on classic ground, they may re-people the place with Shakespeare's family and the friends who were wont to visit him.

**Harvard House**, the birthplace of the mother of John Harvard, founder of the great American University, is in fine preservation, and recalls an interesting link between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. And then at length a short walk or drive, incumbent upon all visitors to Stratford, brings us to **Shottery**, the home of Anne Hathaway, and scene of Shakespeare's youthful dream. No palace in Europe is more famous than this humble abode, **Anne Hathaway's Cottage**, no shrine has more pilgrims. A paved pathway leads from the gateway to the cottage door, embowered with old-fashioned creepers and from beneath the overhanging thatch tiny latticed windows peep. The Hathaway family lived here in the time of Henry VIII, and as late as the end of last century one of their descendants still occupied the house.

Stratford-on-Avon is the centre of a district full of beauty and interest for the tourist, and a day or two may well be spent visiting some of the more notable spots. For picturesque and historic associations perhaps Warwick Castle and the venerable ruins of Kenilworth present most of general interest, and both are within easy reach of Stratford.



*Warwick Castle.*

**Warwick Castle** is a magnificent fabric, one of the most perfect relics of feudal times to be seen in England to-day. It was built by Ethelfleda—"the Lady of Mercia"—daughter of Alfred the Great, and although it was several times besieged and some of the ancient portion destroyed, it is still a unique specimen of an ancient yet unruined Castle. It contains many wondrous relics of that extraordinary and romantic being, Guy Earl of Warwick. The old pile of **Kenilworth**, now a stately ruin, has been rendered immortal by the genius of Sir Walter Scott. Originally built in the reign of Henry II, it was granted by Elizabeth in the fifth year of her reign to Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whose entertainment here of his royal mistress is graphically portrayed in Scott's famous novel.



*Kenilworth Castle.*

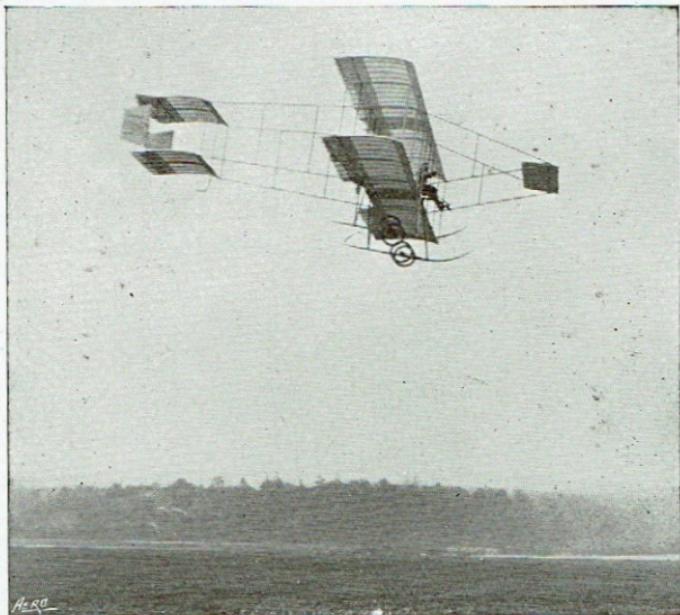
The return route from Stratford-on-Avon lies through Broadway and Winchcombe. The latter place in olden times took rank as the Capital of Mercia, and possessed a wealthy monastery. Not far away are the ruins of the vast Abbey of Hayles, and at Sudeley the remains of a Norman stronghold erected by William the Conqueror. **Cheltenham**, the "Garden City," is a favourite watering-place and fashionable health resort. It boasts no ancient history, but its medicinal waters have brought it a notoriety which the elegance of the town and the charm of the surrounding country have done much to increase. Instead of following the road through Gloucester, a beautiful ride over the Cotswolds is afforded by the road which runs through Painswick, with its fine old fifteenth-century church, Stroud, the centre of the Gloucestershire cloth-weaving industry, and Nailsworth, the artist's Paradise, and brings us at length once more to Bristol.

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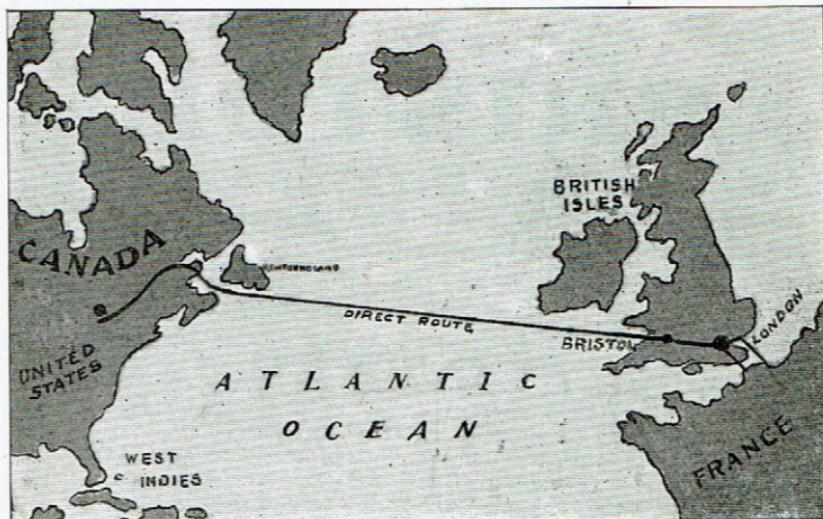
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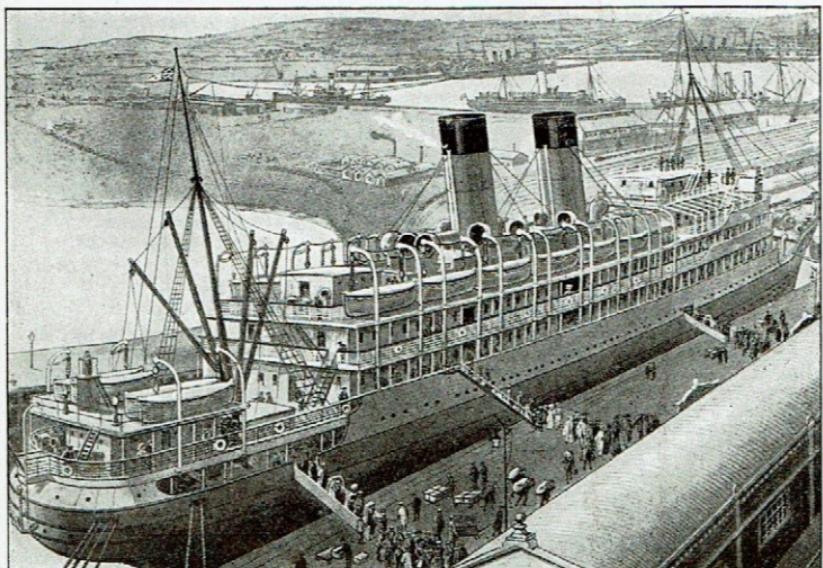
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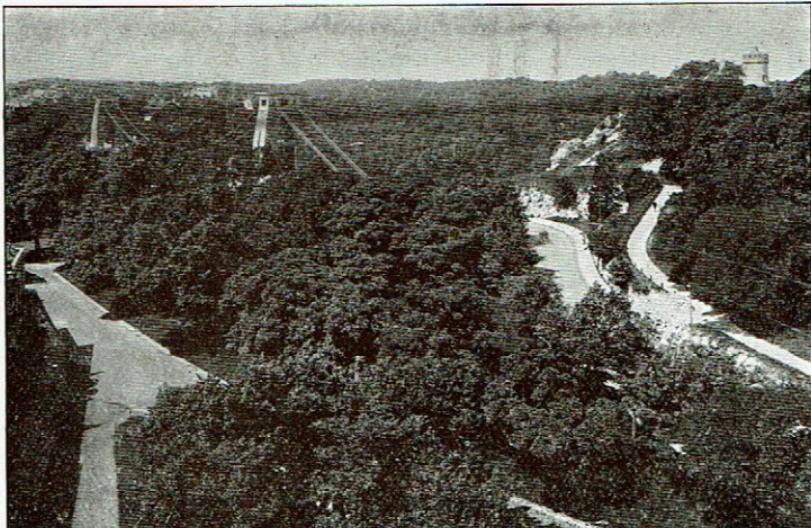
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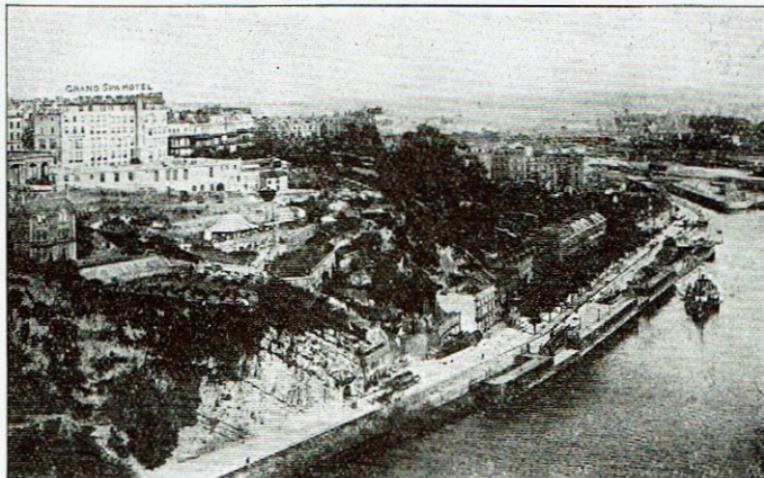
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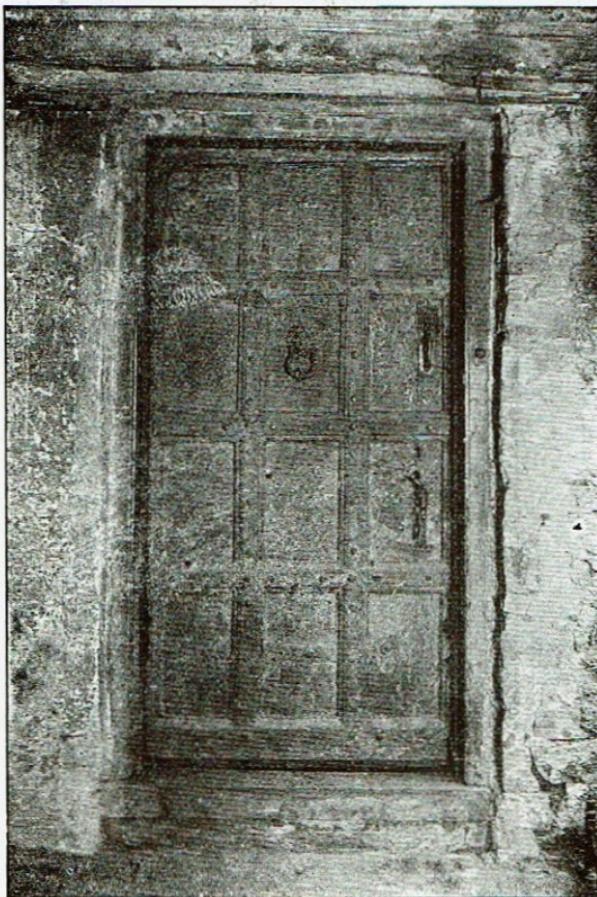
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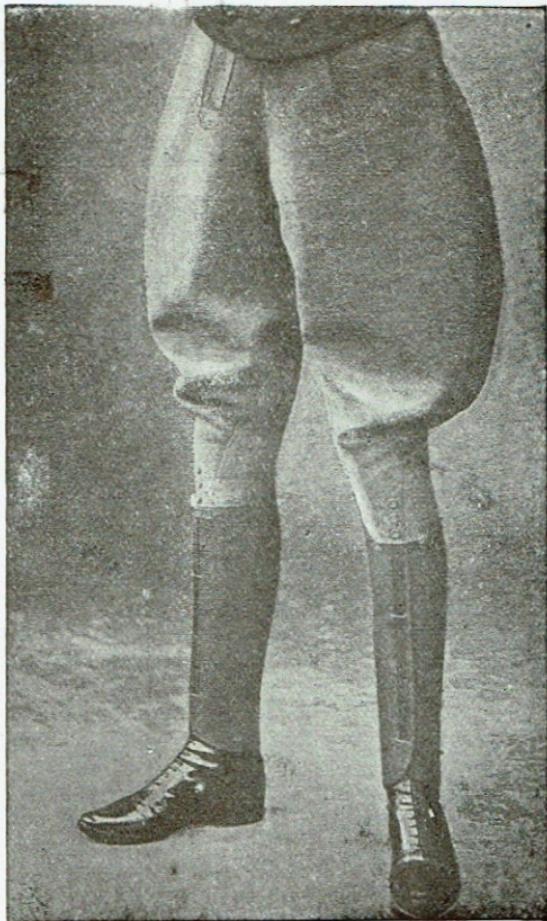
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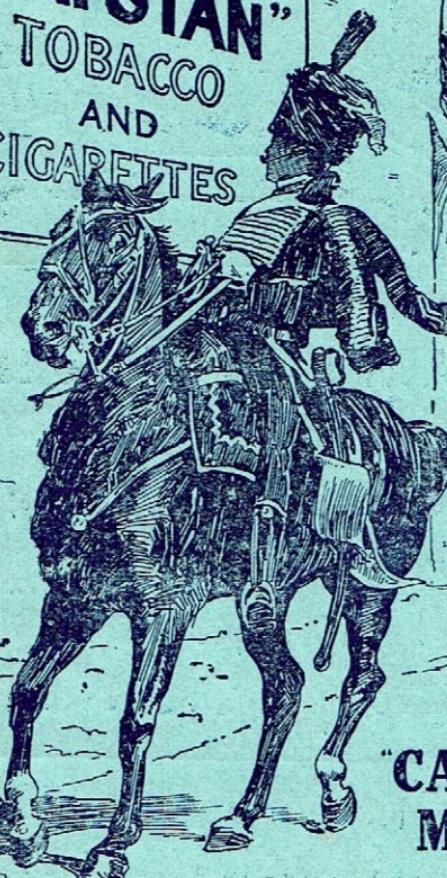
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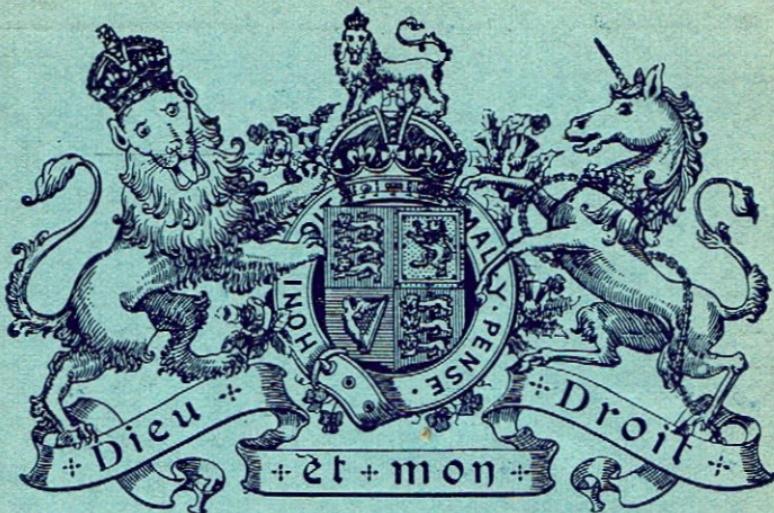
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